DVELLVM BRITANNICVM.

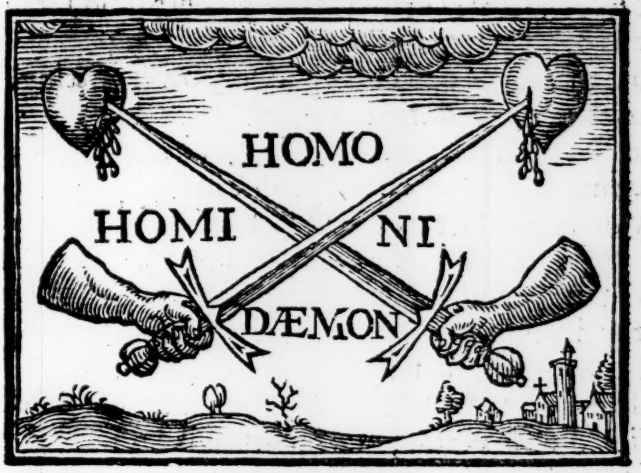
BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATED

To the eternall memorie of that admirable Combat performed by two valorous Knights, Sir *Robert Mansell* appellant, and Sir *Iohn Heydon* Defendant; where both equally expressing fortitude and skill in giuing and receiuing wounds, scaped death, notwithstanding by the onely fauour of Prouidence.

Since you haue done more then I can relate
(A miracle in conquering Death) what hate
Is that, then death more deadly, which suruiues
To cloude the glory of your after liues?
Be reconcilde; we shew most strength and skill
In mastering our strong frailtie, our weake will.

Man



Man may Man perſwade amiſſe,
But the skill and cunning is,
To rule him right, to cauſe him do,
What true Wiſedome longs vnto.
See how the buſie Lawyers throng
Twixt Man and Man for right and wrong,
Thoſe Papers, all thoſe bookes are writ,
To reconcile Mans iarring wit.
Piſtols, Muskets, Rapiers, Swords,
All the Engines war affords,
Are for Man prepar'd, not hell:
There no foe like Man doth dwell.
" *Man for ſport baites Lyons, Beares,*
" *Man alone Man hates, and feares.*

GReat Volumes in few lines epitomiz'd
Are eaſieſt apprehended, and ſo priz'd.

Large Countries in ſmall Maps are beſt ſuruaide,
Becauſe the ſenſe (in theſe abridgments ſtaid)
Keeps company with *Reaſon*, neuer flitting
From that firme obiect their ioynt powers fitting.
Thus the whole world is in one Man expreſt,
And euery part deſcrib'd and iudged beſt.
Then noble *Britaine* do not ſcorne to ſee
Thy owne face in this Glaſſe I proffer thee:
Two of thy children, whoſe fortune tels,
What danger and aſſur'd deſtruction dwels
In thy diſ-vnion; and how fond they are,
Who with falſe reaſons nurſe thy ciuill warre.
The two (two Worthies, nobly borne and bred;
Inrich'd with vertue, and vpon the head
Of Court and Kingdome plac'd, (as Iewels worne
For vſe and ornament) now rent and torne,
Remaine ſad ſpectacles; and cry aloud
O Man, why, being mortall, art thou proud?
Why art thou proud of beauty? Roſes blaſt;
Or of thy wealth? the mines of *India* waſte;
Or of thy ſtrength? ſince ſicknes, age, or wounds
Let looſe the ſtiff-ſtrung ioynts, and ſpirit confounds.
Or of thy honour, and thy high-borne blood?
Since to be great is not worth praiſe, but good:
Or of all theſe? ſince all theſe, and much more
Wharton and *Steward* had, loſt, and di'd poore.
Much more they had; ſo much, that hard it is
To tell what either wanted. Earths chiefe bliſſe,
(Their Princes fauour) like the Sunne aboue
In his hot Solſtice ſtood, and did improue
Their blooming youth's with ripened fruit, before
Their thoughts could hope: ô what could they wiſh
(more?

Friends ſought thē, fortune bleſt thē; bleſt them ſo,
That which might happieſt ſeeme was hard to know,
Neither had cauſe of Enuie; except thus,
As th'eies, hands, feet, which guide, guard, carry vs;
Whoſe ſelfe like ſhape, and equall vſe admits
No warre, but fellow-feeling of ſuch fits,
Griefes, and diſeaſes, and each part ſuſtaines;
So ſhar'd they in all pleaſures, toyles, ſports, paines.
Nor had theſe other cauſe of warre at all,
" And cauſeleſſe warre is moſt vnnaturall.
Yet (oh) that ſubtle Spirit incens'd raſh blood
With franticke rage, that euery ill ſeem'd good.
They firſt muſt pray; ſo vndeſerued gold
" Ill got, we waſte, and haue no power to hold.
Then they proceed to words, from words to blowes;
" The way to ill is eaſie; but who knowes
The Clue that we returne by? hence proceeds
A Challenge from wrong'd *Wharton*: *Steward* needs
No ſuch ſtale prouocation: Miſchiefes feet
" Are ſwift to blood: their quicke deſires ſoon meet,
And (met) ſoone fight; bold *Steward* falls by Fate;
Wharton by Chance: *thoſe powers each other hate.*
So I haue ſeene from th'*Indies* Eaſt and Weſt,
Two Ships well rigg'd and mann'd vpon the breſt
Of *Thetis* dancing, ſpreading flags abroad
For ioy of their long-wiſht-for Engliſh roade;
Paſt now all dangerous *Rocks*, *Gulphs*, *Pyrats*, *Sand*,
Ready t'vnlade their rich fraught on firme land,
And tell the ſtory of their perils paſt,
And frolicke with glad friends in peace, at laſt.
When ſpying each other ſo bedeckt, adorn'd,
With outward pomp: ones pride the other ſcorn'd,

And from that enuious ſcorn ſome word proceeding,
And from that word ſome blow, from that blow bleeding,
Then giuing way to fury, all inrag'd,
Both are in deſp'rate tearmes of fight ingag'd.
The fire in water, Lead in th'ayre, their center
Doe madly ſeeke; and both theſe rudely enter
The ſtrong ſhips wombe, and ranſacke euery hold,
For pretious life, neglecting *Indian* gold.
The ſhot ſeems thunder, but the dying grones
Of ſlaughtered ſoules, ſhrike louder, deeper tones
Then roring Cannons, whoſe thicke charging rout
Lets water freely in, and poures bloud out.
In this hot fight both firmly doe defend,
Both nimbly do aſſault, both madly ſpend,
Strength, skill, and all to hurt. Conqueſt inclines
To neither part as partiall. Equall lines
Are drawne betwixt them both by Fate and Chance;
Till th'one his topſaile fairely doth aduance
To win the winde, and in that vantage flies
With force and fury on his foe; who plies
All meanes to ſalue this loſſe, and to regaine
Faire ods, or equall ſtanding once againe.
But all in vaine, fortune, the winde, and ſea,
Confederate with the aduerſe ſeeme to be.
So this to ſinke (rather then yeeld) reſolues,
And halfe his tatter'd ſides the Sea inuolues.
When th'other (couetous) grapples with his foe,
To bourd and rob him: and (being chained ſo)
The ſhip that leaks ſinks, and with his weight drawes
The Conqueror with Conqueſt, to deaths iawes.
So fares it with theſe noble Combatants
Both equally of blood and honor vaunts:

Both

Both enui'd and belou'd alike, both friends,
Both yong, both valiant, and their life and ends
So paralell, and twin-like like in all
That they obtain'd one graue, one funerall.
One graue, one funerall, they obtain'd, yet loſt
The fame and honor their youth thirſted moſt.
Becauſe their quarrell on falſe grounds begun,
Could not produce true praiſe, nor true blame ſhun.
The wounds thou gau'ſt ſtout *Wharton* had bin good
Againſt thy Kings or faiths foe; and thy blood
Heroicke *Steward*, had been nobly ſhed,
Againſt ſuch ſlaues; ſo both had brauely bled.
And your braſſe Monuments had ſpoke the fame
Of *Whartons* noble, *Stewards* royall name.
Then the fierce challenger for his quicke charge,
And ſtout aſſault with wounds giuen deepe and large;
His apt command of euery part ſoone ſhunning,
All wounds ſaue one, giuen more by chance then cunning
And the Defendant, who ſo long time ſtood
Drownd (yet vndanted) in his owne life blood;
And deadly wounded, paſt all hope of liuing,
Death in his death to his haile fooeman giuing;
Had filld the largeſt leaues of Fames faire ſtory,
And both worne wreath of triumph, conqueſt, glory;
And then like patterns to both Realms, ſet out
By vertue for example; the wiſe and ſtout
Had been your ſchollers, and their leſſons read,
In thoſe greene fields, where both ſo boldly bled.
Bnt now (aye me!) as rocks, bars, ſands, at ſea,
Or marks ſet vp to ſhew ſhips where they bee,
Or rather as ſome wrack'd ſhips ſelfe, whoſe maſt
Ore-looks the waues, and yet ſtill ſticking faſt

In th'eating ſilt, bids the wiſe Pilot flye
The trackleſſe path, where ſuch hid dangers lye.
So ſtand theſe two, the ſignes of woe, and ruth,
Of ſhipwrackt honor, fortune, valour, youth;
And by their deaths confirme this ſpeech for good,
" Vertue hath greater priuiledge then blood.
"Our ſoules are Gods, our bodies are the Kings,
" And he that in his priuate quarrell brings
" Either of theſe in queſtion doth betray
" The Kings part, and giues Gods part cleane away.
England, behold in *Wharton* what thou art,
And *Scotland* ſee in *Steward* euery part
Of thy beſt power; ſhun enmitie and ſtrife,
None but your ſelues haue power of eithers life.
Let no ſlight toyes (the ſnares and traines of hell)
Breed war betwixt you two; but kindly dwell
Within this Ile as in one houſe, the rather
Being thereto wooed by your good King, kind father.
If not, peruſe this glaſſe, and let not me
The fatall Prophet of ſuch ill newes be
To your ſucceeding times; but chooſe you whether
You'le ſtill liue friends, or like theſe die together.

A caſt of Falcons (in their pride
At paſſage ſcouring) fowle eſpide
Securely feeding from the ſpring,
At one both ayme with nimble wing.
They firſt mount vp aboue Mans ſight,
Plying for life this emulous flight
In equall compaſſe, and maintaine
Their pitch without a lazie plaine.
Then ſtooping freely (lightning like)
They (counter) dead each other ſtrike.
The fowle eſcapes, and with her wings
Their funerall dirge, this leſſon ſings.
" *Who aimes at glory not aright,*
" *Meetes death, but Glorie takes her flight.*

Epitaphium

Epitaphium Georgii Whartoni Milit.

TH'offence was great, worse the report,
The iniurie Reuenge *acquitting,*
And life with many wounds ta'ne for't
Argu'de a minde true honour fitting.
" For sluggish Cowardice *doth shame*
" A noble Stocke, *and honour'd name.*

Epitaphium Iacobi Stewardi Armigeri.

VVIth an vndaunted heart I fought,
Reuenge *and* Choller *me assailing,*
In fight I fell, with courage stout,
My life and foes, together sailing:
I dig'de my graue out with my sword,
And stroke, whilst life would strength afford.

IVSTITIA

IVSTITIA IACOBI.

Dedicated to the graue, reuerend, and iudicious Knight, Sr. ROBERT GARDINER, ſometime Lord Iuſtice of *Ireland*.

SO many men preſſe now for place in State,
Deſeart and Worth cannot come neere the gate:
But happy were it for the State and Vs,
If we (as Rome *did) ſought for* Curius.
There ſhould we finde him, farre from Court, with you
Perhaps a Gardiner, or perhaps at Plow.
Yet euen the ſame which Pyrrhus *did withſtand,*
Samnites, and Sabines *ruld, as you Ireland.*
Then ſhould our Kings cleare Iuſtice ſhine too bright
To ſuffer potent wrong, cloude impotent right.
Then ſhould this act of Iuſtice ſo aboue
All preſidents, make others like it moone.
But wretched we, whilſt few the doore can paſſe
Of high preferment, but the Laden Aſſe.

Man

Man, Angell, nor the Fiend of Hell,
Can Mans heart ſee, ſearch, and tell,
That God alone doth vnderſtand,
Cloſing all thoughts within his hand,
He better knowes then Prieſt, Iudge, Scribe,
Who gaue the laſt cauſe-carrying bribe.
He ſees, when ſentence goes awry,
Where the hidden ground doth lie.
He knowes if it be true or no,
The doubtfull witneſſe ſweares vnto:
He markes the Iewrie *and their leader,*
And obſerues the lying Pleader.
He notes the Councell what they doe,
And the Kings heart ſearcheth too.

HOw hatefull is this ſilence? I haue ſtood
Wiſhing, expecting, muſing long, who wou'd

With

With honeſt thrift, this faire aduantage take
To fame himſelfe for euer, and to make
This ſenceleſſe age conceiue (perhaps commend)
The good we now enioy, not apprehend.
Time was, Kings words were like to apples, ſnatch'd
From t' *Heſperides*, ſo obſeru'de, ſo watch'de.
None ſuffer'd to drop downe; all highly prizde
Preſerued, recorded, apothegmatizde.
But now their words (though *Oracles* to thoſe
Of former times, though verſe vnto their proſe)
Are ſlighted by this lip-wiſe age of ours;
Whoſe rootles knowledge bears no fruits but flow'rs.
Where is the Man whoſe better fate, admits
Him place, time, meanes, to heare the King of wits.
Diſcourſe like *Salomon*, of euery thing,
Begot betwixt the winter and the ſpring?
Determine euery doubt that doth ariſe
Twixt heauen and earth, the Idiot and the wiſe?
That doth for priuate vſe, or publike good
Make knowne how *Saba*-like, he vnderſtood?
And did not (like the pictures) waite for ſhow
To fill place only, but to learne to know.
This man is yet no *Courtier*, or at leaſt
No daily waiter; ſcarce ſeene at a feaſt.
Too poore and plaine to trauaile, and bring backe
The tongue and heart of treaſon; he doth lacke
A face t'outface his wants, and doth bewray
His ignorance in euery arrogant way.
He meanes good faith and ſpeakes it, though the lip
Of cenſuring law, his ſtate and body ſtript
Of coyne, and eares, and freedome; it's no crime,
To ſpeake truth (he thinks) though't be out of time.

He

He is no chamber Traytor from hell ſent,
To vndermine the Soules high Parliament.
He cannot candy poyſon; wants the waies
To tickle truth to death, with her owne praiſe.
He dares not weare a deſperate ſuite t'vndoe
Himſelfe, a Mercer, and a Taylor too:
And then make that the preface how to aske
Towards his vnknowne loſſe in the laſt maske.
But ſuch as can thoſe Court-lie Myſteries
Want time for this. Themſelues are hiſtories
Not eaſely learn'd; t'will aske a perfect Man
To read them daily o're, do what he can.
And ere he learns by heart each attribute
Appropriate to the body, and the ſuite,
Himſelfe growes old, or a new-faſhion ſprings:
Which ſhifts the Scene, the forme, and face of things.
Thus ſilk-worms ſpend their times, & ſchollers too
Haue idle worke enough to turne them to.
Perhaps a paire of feete and a tongue ſtroue
Who ſhould walke faſteſt, and moſt countries roue.
In feweſt howers to ſmalleſt purpoſe; theſe
At length returne (their trauailes finiſht) pleaſe
To publiſh their fond Iournall. But (alaſſe!)
Neither themſelues, nor their huge worke can paſſe
Our preſſe vnpraiſde. *O Courtiers* thither hie,
Gallants, Wits, Poets; Let your Muſes flie
Not to reforme, or ſettle this light braine,
But render him more wilde. Your ſelues ſhall gaine
Much wonder by't; extol'd ſhall be your skill,
For writing well in ieaſt, in earneſt ill.
Or if not this, ſome other witty taske
Staies your continuall leiſures, and doth aske

Inke

Inke from your pens, t'aſperge, deforme, defile,
States and their inſtruments, with libells vile.
No man muſt liue without your fawning praiſe,
Nor no man die without your rounddelaies.
Death maks you ſport, & ſtroks which force the *State*,
Stagger and reele; your humors eleuate.
" *Vice* liuing, is preferd to *Vertue* dead,
" The preſent, no time els, is honored.
If you attend on Kings, it's to obſerue
Their imperfections, where their frailties ſwerue
In raſh attempts or paſsionate words vnſtaid,
From iuſter rules, their intemperate bloods once laide
As if Kings were not men, weake, fraile, and poore,
Like to their Subiects, and ſubiected more.
As if at *Rome* (whether you ſend this newes)
All there were Saints, & your Popes Court no *ſtewes*.
As if that you a Patent had from Hell
All things to ſay or doe, but nothing well.
O! if you yet retaine a graine of that,
Which your high aimes would ſeeme to leuell at:
Or if no faith (but that you Atheiſts be,
And nothing but vnhallow'd Reaſon ſee)
If but a ſparke of that remaine intire,
Which you ſeeme to monopolize (the fire
Prometheus filch'd from *Ioue*) let that bright flame
Kindle your zeales for ſelfe, kings, countries fame,
To vſe thoſe opportunities, parts, places,
Intelligences, meanes, friends, fortunes, graces,
You haue 'boue other, for the publique good,
That we may vnderſtand you vnderſtood.
Learne *Saba*-like to heare, obſerue, report,
The good our *Salomon* ſpeakes, doth at Court.

Not

Not *Shemei*-like to ſlander, curſe, deride,
Religions Nurſe, Arts glory, vertues pride,
Bnt you contemne my admonition. Goe
Feed fat for hell, the place you couet ſo.
And let my humble Muſe, applaud, admire
And celebrate heauens grant to our deſire.
Tell what thou ſeeſt and feel'ſt. *Ingratitude*
" Receiues, craues ſwallowes, a whole multitude
" Of gifts and graces, without thanks or cenſe,
" And with dul ſilence beats heau'ns bleſsings hence.
" It is *Detraction* to conceale due praiſe,
" When good related, might more goodneſſe raiſe.
" It is not flattery to report truth well;
" True glaſſes both our faults and fauours tell.
Here then receiue this one worke royall *Iames*,
Which now reflects vpon thee, and more fames
This Church and kingdom, then thy birth, crown, pen,
Or what elſe makes thee the good King of men.
I ſing thy Iuſtice, whoſe cleere raies giues light,
To neighbour Princes in this ignorant night
Of miſtie error, and corrupt *Reſpect*,
How to informe aright their intellect.
And (hauing here on earth, mongſt Chriſtian Kings
And Pagans ſhone) it mounts the winds ſwift wings
Calming the ſea, bounding her ebs and tides,
And in her monthly change the moiſt Moone guides.
Then ſores vp higher, and informes the Sunne,
How mongſt the ſignes in an euen line to run;
How to make daies, and nights; and higher yet
Mounts, till it be in the firſt Mouer ſet.
Two warlike kingdomes linck't in happy peace.
When they beheld how common fewdes did ceaſe

And ſaw how ſtrongly bleſt that concord ſtands,
Where brethren ioyne firſt hearts, and after hands,
Reſolu'd that courſe; turn'd matches into Maskes,
And reuelling tiſſues wore for maſsier Caskes:
Steeds traind for ready fight, learnd now to peace,
And knew no foes but Buckes and Hares; nor race
But on ſmooth plaines for wagers, or for ſport,
Not for lou'd life; where Campes lay, lay the Court.
Keene ſwords that bit the bone, abated now
Kiſt without making skars, or help'd the plow
To draw long furrowes on the fruitfull earth, (dearth.
Leaſt *Peace* ſhould (breeding teeth too faſt) breed
Blunt foiles were on ſharpe pointed Rapiers ſet,
And ſo Lord *Sanquier* and poore *Turner* met.
They met to play: there *Sanquier* loſt an eie.
O *Brittaine!* canſt thou nothing further ſpie,
In this then his loſſe? Looke vp now and ſee;
Securitie hath ta'ne an eye from thee.
Ill didſt thou ward that blow; If ſport hurt ſo,
O what will open force and malice do?
Thy King rides, hunts and falls. Are horſes then
Turn'd traitors too? will beaſts proue like to men?
Can Kings finde ſportfull peace ſo hazardous?
To armes then *Cæſar*, ſhun the Senate houſe.
Like poiſon, ponyards, piſtols, *Death* aboue
Attends on *Princes* when they feed, ſleep, moue;
Beneath like powder, that the ground they tread,
Seemes all one continent, to quicke and dead.
And is't not ſo with others too? behold,
This ſilly Fencer, in his ignorance bold
Think's his ſubmiſsiue ſorrow will ſuffice
For that vnhappy thruſt at *Sanquiers* eyes;

And

And begging pardon, ſeemes to haue it then.
What foole dares truſt the vnſeald words of men?
Yet *Turner* will. A reconciled foe
" Seemes a true friend, to him would haue him ſo.
He thinks (now *Dunne* is dead) to die in peace.
"but blood cries out for blood, and doth not ceaſe
" Till vengeance followes. Vengeance euen at hand
Whaits like a treacherous Groome of *Sanquiers*; and
(When *Turner* nothing of his neere death thinkes,
But laughes,, & plaies, & to his death-man drinkes.)
Let's his charg'd piſtoll flie, whoſe mouth ſpits lead
With fire-wing'd ſpeede, ſtriking the Fencer dead.
"No ward auoides that blow: *Pale Death* we ſee
" A fellow-gameſter in all ſports will be.
The Murtherers flee; *Iuſtice* purſues with ſpeede,
Th' *Abettor*, *Actor*, *Author* of this deede;
Who (apprehended) apprehend too late
(If friends helpe not), the iſſue of their fate.
But friends will help. One ſteps vnto the King,
Kneeles and thus pleads. *Leige Lord*, you are the ſpring,
From whence *Nobilitie* flowes. And all our blood
The neerer yours it comes, the neerer good:
As you firſt gaue, ſo let your power preſerue
Thoſe that are ſet a part the Crowne to ſerue;
Others by fit election, theſe by fate
Are made hereditarie to the State;
Diſtinguiſh'd from the common ranke of thoſe
Who only know they are not, when they roſe.
And priuiled'ge aboue the raskall rout,
Whoſe words and deeds haue reference to account.
Elſe why did our bold fathers, with the loſſe,
Of lymmes and liues, honors for vs ingroſſe?

O why do theſe new *Nobles* dearely buy
Thoſe attributes for which they dare not die?
Or why ſhould land or gold, which all things can
Be giuen for titles, if they mend not man,
And ſomething adde beſides an emptie ſound,
To recompence the gloſſe of gold and ground?
If honour doth nought but a name afford,
A Lordſhip then is better then a Lord.
" *Nobilitie* this priuiledge doth bring,
" It makes the owner ſomething like a king;
" Exempting him from penall lawes, which crack
" With heauy preſſure the poore Commons back.
This (Sir) I ſpeake t'excite your royall power
To reſcue Noble *Sanquir*, who this houre
Is by the too-ſtrick't vnreſpectiue lawes
Condemn'd to die a villaines death. The cauſe
And quarrell this. The Barron chanc'd to play
With a rude Fencer; where both did bewray
Their beſt ability at *Rapier* foyles.
The Fencer to vphold his credit toyles,
But wanteth skill; which makes his hate ariſe;
And with an enuious thruſt at *Sanquirs* eyes,
The wicked and inchanted foyle depriues
An eye of ſight; worth many Fencers liues.
The ſuffering Lord forbearęs to kill him then
But being after ſcorn'de by watermen,
Fidlers, and ſuch baſe inſtruments of hell
For this foule blemiſh, his great heart did ſwell.
And (full of noble courage) loth to do
So blacke a deede himſelfe, he puts it to
His mans performance, who obaide too ſoone,
Repentance came before the deede was done.

The

The equall lawes to equalls doth appoint
An eye ſhould haue an eye, ioynt anſwere ioynt.
But where ſuch oddes of perſons be, I gheſſe
An eye ſhould haue a life to boote, no leſſe.
Yet not on this or that doth *Sanquir* ſtand;
His death, his life, his doome is in your hand.
He doth confeſſe the foulneſſe of his guilt:
He ſorrowes for the blood that he hath ſpilt.
Your mercy (royall Sir) he doth implore
For this raſh act, who neuer beg'd before.
Scarce had he done, and e're the king could ſpeake,
An other thus begins. If you ſhould wreake
Each Engliſh peaſants life with bloud ſo hie
As noble *Sanquir* is, No memorie
Of your faire traine, of Natiue Scots, ſhould ſtand,
To let times know the glory of that land.
Souldiers muſt doffe their armes, and gowns put on,
If villaines ſo foule may paſſe vpon
Lords vnreueng'de; or if thoſe antique names,
Thoſe honors, trophees, and eternall fames,
We got by killing many Engliſhmen,
Be for the death of one, thus loſt agen.
If thus to quench the fewde you pleaſed are,
You thereby quench the heart of lawfull warre.
Remember what a ſouldier he hath bin;
How eaſly might forget it was a ſinne.
And thinke he did but chaſtice one of thoſe
Who 'gainſt his Leader muteni'de, and roſe.
Many of th' Engliſh haue been pardoned
For treaſons capitall. Some honored
For their knee-ſeruice, and no other merit.
Then (Sir) let vs who lineally inherit

Allegeance, worth, and honours; ſometime finde
You left not all your Scottiſh blood behinde:
Nor meane to leaue vs in the hands of thoſe
Who kill with law more friends, then fewdes kil foes.
Thus ended he; And then as in a Queere
Of ſolemne ſingers, one ſhall euer heare
After the Trebles hath the Antheme ſung,
(And their diuiſions with ſhrill vtterance rung);
The Baſe, the Tenor, Counter-tenor ſweet,
With Howboyes, Cornets, Trumpets, Organs meet,
And ioyne their hye-ſtretcht notes, that all the ring
Seemes Eccho-like, their ſonnets to reſing:
So did the graue and gallant troope, which ſtood
About the King (like a dew-dropping wood)
Conuey their powres to make this conſort full
And cryed; Be ſtil'd *King Iames the merciſull.*
Or (if to ſatisfie the courſe of law,
And ſtop *Opinions* wide-gull ſwallowing iaw)
Life muſt haue life, take *Carliſle*, one for one,
And one to boote too; ſo this Lord be none.
With that (as if all aymes would this aduance)
Comes from the Regent and the King of *France*,
Letters, intreating for their Penſioners life;
And laſt, as if the difference of a wife
Should from this fact take characters, to know
A true good wife, from a good wife in ſhow:
Comes his forſaken Lady all in blacke,
(Whoſe youth from him did due beneuolence lacke)
Weeping, intreating, for her loſt Lords ſinne,
And then like fullomes that run euer in
A baile of Goſsips (ſome true beggars borne,
Pittying this Lord more then the Lord of Lorne)

Beg his remiſsion with obſtreperous voice:
But mongſt the reſt, ſhe that made lowdeſt noiſe,
Was *Turners* Widdow, whoſe ſhrill throat did yell,
That ſhe was ſatisfied, and all was well.
The king abhord it, and his vpright heart,
Beholding theſe aſſaults on euery part,
Made it his glory to be onely good,
And from his crowne to wipe thoſe ſtaines of blood.
Thus he replies; "The crowne for Iuſtice ſake,
" Heau'n plac'd vpon our head; which none can ſhake
" Or touch, till with vniuſtice we make way,
" And (for reſpect) that ſtrict rule diſobay.
" God is our Guard of proofe, that we may be
" A guard to you vnpartiall, iuſt, and free.
" And this ſtands firme; If one hand goes about
" To ſigne a croock't line, th'other blurs it out.
O magnanimitie, aboue a Man!
O Iuſtice more confirm'd then that which wan
Zeleuchus ſo much fame! Corrupt with gold
States, Courtiers, Law, or *Wiues* that will be ſold.
Peruert with paſsion euery ſolid heart,
Moue *Stoickes*, or melt marble with thy Art,
Iuſtice ſits ſtill vntouch'd, with kingly care,
Not pardoning till true mercy bids him ſpare.
And then not ſtriking, though the life he giues,
Repines, and enuies that the giuer liues.
Deni'de they vaniſh, as the cloudes diſperſe,
When the hot-ſhining Sunne lookes red and fierce.
The law proceeds; the Actors ſuffer firſt,
A death too-good, too-bad; the beſt the worſt.
The Author then ſubmits him to his doome,
And dies a *Catholike*; *That's a man of Rome*,

Romulus & *Remus* nurſed by a Wolfe, *Romulus* ſlew his brother *Remus* for leaping ouer the walls of his Citie Rome.

O *Rome* ! Liues yet that Wolfe which was thy Nurſe
When (growing great) thou grewſt the whole worlds curſe ?
May none yet leap thy wals, or leaue thy Sea
Vnſlayne, though he a King and brother be ?
Retain'ſt thou yet that ſauage kinde, to pray
On the diſtreſſed flocke which ſhuns thy way ?
Do all that ſucke thy breſts, for milke ſucke blood ?
Dare not that ſpring from thee die well, doe good ?
Muſt *Gibbets* onely rocke them to their reſt ?
Doe they deſire that death ? become they't beſt ?
Muſt *Traytors*, *Murtherers*, only be thy *Saints* ?
Weare none white robes but ſuch as ſcarlet paints ?
Elſe why doe all euill men ſo ſoone drinke vp
The deadly lees of thy inchaunted cup ?
Or why doe fooles ſo credit what *Rome* ſayth,
But for they eaſely learne implicit faith ?
If *Rome* keep heauens keyes, (as'tis out of doubt),
None dare barre *Lambert*, or Lord *Sanquir* out :
Nor neede they feare, where *Ieſuits* haue to doe,
Garnet ſhall be a *Saint*, and *Iudas* too :
Their writings and examples murther teach ;
They'l not condemne the doctrine which they preach.
This makes our deſperate *Ruffins*, *Romanes* dye.
And our crack'd Virgins ſeeke a *Nunnery*.
Iuſtice riſe *Lyon*-like out of thy ſleepe,
The Weſterne *Wolues* worry the *Iriſh* ſheepe :
And here at home thy borders ſwarme with thoſe
Who doe imitate, breed, beget thee foes.
The *t* ſcar thou thinkſt to cloſe, theſe make more wide,
"True faith vnites, but their faith doth deuide.
The *Grimes* are baniſh'd, but worſe Foxes earth
In thoſe vaſt places, through the Goſpels dearth.

Vnion.

Anno 1. Iacob.

The

The Humour that feeds theſe, affects the heart,
And doth dilate it ſelfe through euery part
By ſecret influence, though it cloſely lurkes,
" Cauſes are beſt diſcouered by their workes.
" Examples though they doe no other ill,
" Rebell againſt the Lawes in being ſtill.
" They count'nance giue to error, and curbe in
" Bold reprehenſion, making truth a ſinne.
" Who hides his queſtion'd faith he ought reueale,
" Will vtter what perhaps he ſhould conceale.
Hunt out theſe Foxes then; it is a ſport
Fitting a King, a Councell, and a Court.
Vſe Hounds that lie not, or flie out; for ſuch
Spend freely, ſweetly, but thee ground ne're touch,
They pleaſe the eare and eye, but neuer minde
To kill the Game. Thoſe *Cubs* are of their kinde.
But ſtay, take off, we ryot: leaue the ſent:
" *Plaine Truth cannot be ſlaine, but may be ſhent.*

Aquigni-

Aquigniſpicium.

DEDICATED

TO THE FREE

and bountifull Houſe-keeper,

Sr. *Le-ſtrange Mordant,*

Knight Baronet.

THou that art almoſt onely left to tell,
Wherein our ancient Gentry did excell,
Theſe vpſtart plants, be ſtill thy ſelfe, till we,
For ſhame reforme our liues, and wax like thee.
So plaine, free, vpright, honeſt, open, iuſt:
But ſure firſt die, and riſe againe we muſt.

Aquigniſpicium.

The State *is caſt*; God *doth behold*
Eyes blinde, eares deafe, tongues dumbe with cold.
Dayes care to get, gets nightly cares,
Which memorie foyles, and iudgment marrs.
The faint hearts (ſlowly beating) tells
Dull ſpirits in the ſlacke nerue dwells,
The Liuer boyles with luſtfull blood,
Weake ſtomacke *brookes no meat that's good.*
Looſe palſie makes the hands to tremble,
When they for loue ſhake, they diſſemble.
The gowty knees doe ſtifly bend;
The feete walke ſlow to all good end.
The Doctor *ſaith*; Repent, faſt, pray,
Die, *or this diet take we may.*

GOd bends his bowe but ſhoots not; ſee, it ſtands
As if the ſtiffe ſtring were in Mans owne hands.

Alluding to the Rainbow.

For

For God firſt plac'd it ſo, that Man might know
How prone to peace he is, to warre how ſlow,
That couenant which he made with *Noah*, he keeps,
His Mercy euer wakes, his Iuſtice ſleeps.
And though our ſins a ſecond *Deluge* craues,
Hee'l drench the world no more in thoſe ſalt waues.
" What hurt frō heauē fals, firſt frō th'earth proceeds,
" And Mans misfortune, ſprings from mans miſdeeds.
Miſdeeds that from our ſelues, friends, country come,
And where they ſhould on all, light but on ſome.
The ſnow, haile, raine, are by the Suns pure beames
Exhalde from ſtanding *Mariſhes*, whoſe ſtreames
Infect the ayre with foggy miſts, and then
Are botteld vp in clouds for ſinfull men.
And for Mans good, in ſeaſon they diſtill
Or out of ſeaſon, to amend the ill.
The plagues we feele fall at the head and foot,
Are ſhafts gainſt God our hands firſt vpward ſhoot.
Preſumptuous ſins in Country and at Court,
Greatneſſe, and *Grace*, and *Fauour* do ſupport.
The *Pulpit* flatters; *Iuſtice* ſits and ſmiles,
Making a gainefull skill, of lingring wiles.
" Who hath great friends liues free, & wanteth faults,
" But without friends the vpright innocent haults.
Vice now prouides vs rayment, meat and drinke,
So how't increas't not how to curb't we thinke.
Old men waxe impudent, laſciuious, wilde,
That fits them beſt, which ſcarce becomes a childe.
Young men are ſtubborne, diſobedient, ſtout,
And rule, and teach, euen from the ſwathing clout,
They all things know and can but (what they ought)
Themſelues and *vertue*. Theſe they neuer ſought.

Faſhions

Faſhions from *Spaine*, *France*, *Germanie*, and *Rome*,
And *Turkie* too, with their *Religions* come.
So they are ſuited faire from top to toe,
And each new ſuite in a new faith they goe.
Matrons that are not dead nor yet aliue.
But betwixt both, in ſome part vegetiue,
Crown their ſmooth ſcalps with haire, th now makes
A ſecond Miſtres ready for the graue (braue
Young Maids (that goe for ſuch) are Mothers known
And ſuch as ſhould be none, are Virgins ſhowne.
O modeſty where dwelſt thou? Womanhood
Is ſcarce by our high Engliſh vnder ſtood
Vice growes ſo common, that it is far more
Opprobrious, to be chaſte, then be a whore.
All things are out of order. Lawes are made
Strong meanes not to defend, but to invade.
Then why ſhould we limit the ſea, or fire
Within their bounds, and not our owne deſire?
Southward th' *Armado*, and the fleetes of *Spaine*,
(Oft beaten) ſeeme to threaten vs againe. Ann. Dom. 1588
And Eaſt and Weſt the *Seas* would meet we ſee:
But that (O wonder!) *Northward* bleſt we bee. The ſeas broke in before Weſt, now Eaſt.
The want of water was the cauſe before
Thoſe huge built hulkes, could not approch our ſhore,
VVho came reſolu'de of conqueſt: and did ſtand
As if they ment to beare away our land.
Poore Ile ſo ſmall thou wert, and they ſo great
Too ſcant a ſea for them that was thy ſeat.
But had they ſtaide till now, now might they ride
On the ſwolne waues at eaſe in all their pride.

And

And into euery heauen their bold Ships steere,
As if no sands, barres, shallowes, had bin there.
We know whens'ere they come, God can prouide
Such seas, so high, so vncontrold a tide,
Able without their *Enuie*, or their ayde
To bury vs; for see how he hath layde
Our workes all leuell; draines, dikes, sluces, bankes,
Fields, pastures, gardens, mannors, farmes, and franks
With man their owner, and what Man doth feed,
Are buried with a sea of teares indeed.

Powder treason. P. *H* his death.

November did we scape thy fift day thus,
That euery day thou should'st be ominous?
Doe we so soone forget the sixt day last,
And worst of all daies to our Iland past,
That thus we should so oft remembred be,
From what strange thraldom, we were once set free?
Or do the waters thus breake in, to show
How humorous and irregular vices flow?
How *Saint*-like *Sacriledge* doth impropriate?
And calme *Oppression* swallowes *Church* and *State*?
How close *Hypocrisie* bends his courtly knee,
And (wanting all faith) would haue all faith's free?
How holy *Hymen*'s sacreds band are broken,
His torch extinguish'd, and his rites fore-spoken?
How Gotish lusts needs all those waues to slake
His scorching flames, hot as th'infernall lake?
Or is't for all these crimes, and more vntold,
The faithfull Sea, which wont our *Ile* to hold
In his moist armes, from strange affaults secure,
Hath chang'd his loue to this sad ouerture?

And

And (for our ſinnes) learnes vs to faſt and pray,
Bringing in fiſh, ſweeping our fleſh away?
That land which (*Goſhen*-like) did flow whil-ere,
With all that Man deſires or life holds deere,
So that no ſpot in all this Iles large field,
The ſythe more hay, ſickle more corne did yield:
Where ſweetnes was the ſawce, and fatnes fed,
Whil'ſt *Dearth*, and *Famine* from the confines fled:
Where the ſtiffe-vdder'd *Cow* long'd twice a day,
To meet the merry milke-maide on the way:
And miſsing her by chance, wrot on the ground
With milke-white letters where ſhe would be found,
Now proſtrate lyes; the goodly beauty foil'd,
The welth waſh'd thence, the gards & trēches ſpoil'd.
O what aſſurance haue we then in clay
Which (if not Lawyers) *Seas* thus eat away?
Build farre from waters, that ſecures thy feare,
Though leſſe thy profit be, ſafe dwelling there.
O no; what's that I ſee? a raging flame
Mounts vp in yonder plaine, and none can tame
His hot miſgouern'd furie. Water heere
Some cry, but no ſuch element is neere.
Like a mad-Dog that through the thronged ſtreets
Ranging with rage ſnatcheth at all he meets,
And all that bitten are, as mad as he,
Runne raging too, that few or none ſcape free:
The cry is vp, and euery man ſtands arm'd,
To do he knowes not what till he be harm'd;
And then to ſaue himſelfe neglects the reſt,
And madly miſchiefe does when he meanes beſt.

Marſhland in Norfolke.

New-market burned with many other notable towns in England

Or

Or as a towne of ſtrength, at dead of night,
Surpriz'd (by ſodaine ſtratagem or ſlight,)
The people (with the allarum bell awak'd)
Run out to ſee what newes amaz'd and nak'd;
And meeting death abroad, for life run home,
And finde their houſes ſack'd before they come.
Then turning backe againe they know not whither,
Flocke all on heaps and dye like freinds together:
So far'de it there; the fire flew vp and downe
Snatching at euery houſe within the towne.
And whilſt one thought his neighbors houſe to ſaue,
He ſees his owne doth inſtant ſuccour craue.
Here ſtands an *Alehouſe* toſting, and the *Hoſtis*
Swearing her falſe-ſcor'de tally burn'd or loſt is.
The *Tapſter* (wanting water) plies with ale
The thirſtie fire which drinks both new and ſtale,
And by that oyly-liquor is not quenched
But rather (*Drunkard*-like) inrag'd, incenſed.
The *Hoſt* (inſtead of pailes) fils pots and ſweares
Hee'le vſe no penny-pots that wants their eares.
Wiſheth his Iuggs were bigger, he would fill them,
And (but in vaine) on the wilde fire doth ſpill them.
Here ſtares an *Oſtler* whil'ſt the flame makes ceaſure,
On his ſmall bottles and his oſtry meaſure,
And here a *Chamberlaine* giues quicke attendance
To ſaue his pretty faggots with a vengeance.
Thoſe pretty faggots which fire-hot being eat
In a cold morning, ſcarce would make one ſweat.
Here runs a rauening *Vſurer* dog-like tyred
Betwixt his owne houſe and the mort-gagde fired.

Here

Here flames a barne of ſome ingroſsing *Farmer.*
And here the ſtudy burnes of ſome falſe *Termer.*
Here ſtands a kennell, there a rack and manger
For running horſes, but both ſtay the danger.
A *Baude* houles here, and here a heaſt of whores
Burnde oft within, are now burnde out of dores.
Heere's a *Tobacco* ſhop, and in the *Celler*
Th' *Indian Deuil*, our baud, witch, whore, man-queller,
That ſpirit waſter, and that Liuer heater,
Of t'humor radicall that greedy eater,
That breath corrupter, and quick-eye-ſight ſpoyler,
That wit confounder, and ſtrong Memorie foyler,
That pickpurſe, theefe, time-cheater, connycatcher,
That alehouſe haunter, and fell miſchiefe hatcher,
That all compounded euill of euery Nation,
Too bad (almoſt) for th' Engliſh imitation;
Tobacco by the fire was there carouſed
With large pettounes, in piſſe perfum'd and ſouſed.
Thus what full many thrifty yeeres erected,
One prodigall flame hath waſted and deiected.
And now (behold) the prouder *Chimnies* ſtand
As heires left well, who waſted haue their land,
Of whom the common people vſe to ſay,
It's pitty proper men ſhould thus decay;
Yet none releeues them, or build vp their ſtate
To ſuch an eminent fortune as of late.
Mongſt theſe one *Chimney* ſtands, where paſſers by
May reade this ſentence with a running eye,
Nothing is ſo cloſe carried or concealde,
Which ſhall not be in his due time reueal'd.

Whether by chance or by diuine decree,
(For ſo all humane actions ordr'ed bee)
This obiect ſtands; that all may make good vſe
Of what they ſee, or quit them from excuſe,
Ile not determine. Let it bee my folly
Rather than bee profane, to bee too holy.
He that once drown'd the world, can if he pleaſe,
Drowne part or the whole world againe with eaſe:
But ſince his word is paſt, though we abound
With that which caus'd the former world be drown'd
Hee'le keep his promiſe, and the Sea reſtraine
From ouer flowing ſinfull fleſh againe.
Yet is it in his power the whole t'immerſe
In variable woes; plagues to diſperſe
In the moſt frequent ſtreetes, moſt fragrant fields,
That th'ayre may breath out death, nõ helth now yields
Or thin cheek'd *Famine* (though a ſtranger borne)
Who now to know on Fridayes th'Engliſh ſcorn,
Who of all forrainers is worſt intreated,
His faſhion left, himſelfe in priſon ſeated,
May be familiar with our countreymen
(Like a poſt-*Natus*, or free Denizen)
And that without an act, if God thinke good,
Though all the Peeres and Commons it withſtood.
Fire, aire, earth, water, all are his: he can
With or without theſe, ſaue or puniſh Man.
No place is free from him, no thing is hid,
He knowes what *Faukes*, *Perſie*, and *Cateſbie* did
Vnder the ground; and what new plots doe come
From hell, or from hels Councel-chamber (*Rome*).

And

And this, (and all els) his bleſt hand reueales
To his elect, and with deliuerance ſeales.
Attend his pleaſure then; firſt we ſhall ſee
Rome burne, and all with *Rome* that lynked bee.
Then the whole world; and that fire ſhall diſcloſe
Each truth, each falſhood, and each cauſe of thoſe.
Till then, theſe waters doe but waſh the ſlime
Of *Babel* from this too indifferent time.
Theſe petty fires, kindle our loue and zeale,
(Halfe-dead) to King, the Church, & cõmon-weale,
Affliction profits. Strike vs (Lord) in loue;
Let thy milde hand each way our firme faith proue.
But let not *Babel* triumph in our fall,
Nor any that on *Baal*, or *Dagon* call.

ANTIDOTVM CECILLIANVM.

DEDICATED To the Common-wealth.

DEſert hath no true follower after death
But Enuy; others flatter with their breath.
In vaine I ſought particular Patrons; they
When life left greatneſſe, ran with life away.
Blood, kindred, friends, forſooke him; ſo't was fit,
We might haue doubted elſe his worth and wit.
Their compaſſe was too narrow to yield ſhade
To him that both their rootes and fortunes made:
But gentle England, ſince he quiet gaue
To thee by his cares, giue his corps a graue.
And ſince his wiſdome did renowne thy name,
Be thou a Sanctuary to his fame.
And ſince he gaue for thee his life and health,
Giue him protection, thankefull Common-wealth.

TO

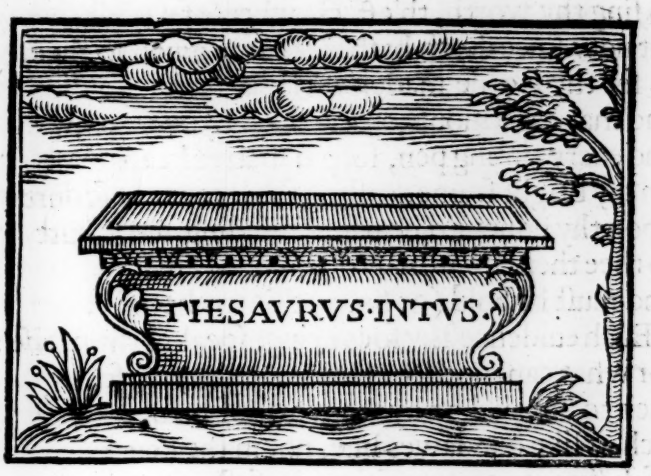
TO THE HONOVR

of the illuſtrious Familie of the CECILLS, deſeruing of this Commmon-wealth, all the Romane wreaths of triumph: The memorable Pyramids of Egypt: And all other Trophes of Eternitie.

AS by one mouer, motion, doth commence,
Euen from the *Center*, to circumference:
So from one good *Man*, many may ariſe,
Like-good, like-apt, like-faithfull, and like-wiſe.
This now is verified; The *Cecills* are
Stateſmen in time of peace, Souldiers in warre.

Epicedium.

What needs, thy Monument be rais'd?
What needs, the *Muſes* ſing thy worth?
What needs, thy memory be prais'd?
Or what needs Art, thy fame ſet forth?
Let Art, time, gold, the *Muſe*, and Men,
Guild falſhood, folly, ignorance:
Let them conſpire gainſt thee; and then,
The more they ſhall thy worth aduance.
They worke, write, raile, or praiſe to pleaſe,
" But *Truth* giues vertue, life, not theſe.



Darius *on a Graue-ſtone found*
This Epitaph: *Who digs this ground*
Shall treaſure finde. The greedy King
Dig'd there, but found another thing.
Within was written; Had'ſt not been
A beaſtly-minded man, I ween
The harmeleſſe bones of the deceaſt
Had in their quiet tombes tane reſt.
Who rips the coffins of the dead,
Finds fame and honour thence are fled
With life, the Subiect *of their Ire;*
Stench *onely ſtayes to pay their hire.*
" Worth *hath his* Epicedium *ſung*
" *By enuies ſhrill and ſlandrous tongue.*

WHen this rich *ſoule* of thine (now ſainted) kept
Her State on earth, my humble *Muſe* nere ſtept

Out of that ſweete content wherein ſhee dwelt,
To ſing thy worth, th'effects whereof we felt.
But now ſince death hath freedome giuen to thee,
To ſee thy ſcorne made others flatterie,
And that each mouſe on the dead Lyon leaps,
And euery riming pen, forg'd matter heaps
On thy bright frame, caſting their owne baſe durt
Vpon thy honour'd hearſe, (minding more hurt
To thee then *Death* or *Hell* can doe) I may
And muſt be bold (or ſinne) this truth to ſay.
Each euidence thy foes bring, ſpeakes thy praiſe:
For what can more thy fame and glory raiſe,
Then to be rail'd on by the worſt of men,
Such as like out-lawes liue, not in the ken
Of *Iuſtice*, or communitie? Baſe ſlaues
Whoſe crimes & ſins make their own neſt their graues.
T'was meet thy vertues eminent and hie
Should not vn-enuied liue, vnſlandred dye:
For then we might haue fear'd thou had'ſt not been
So abſolute a man; now it is ſeen
Euen by thoſe many ſhadowes *Enuy* throwes,
That thy worth was ſubſtantiall, and not ſhowes.
Detraction is perplext, and flies about
Ouer a world of Acts to ſingle out
Some one or two in thy whole life to ſcan,
And proue by thē (what *Death* did) thou wer't man:
Yet ſeeing that paſt credit, ſhe deſcends
To view thy body, and her venom ſpends
Not againſt it but nature, which did ſhroud
So great a ſunne vnder ſo ſmall a cloud.
But we that plainly ſee men ſildome riſe
Though they be learn'd, iudicious, daring wiſe,

Except

Except the body ſomewhat ſuites the minde,
And good cloathes ſute the body too; are blinde
And mad with enuie if we yeeld not thee
Worth aboue thought, who to that high degree
Roſe through the eminent parts of thy bleſt ſoule,
Aboue contempt, diſgrace, ſcorne or controule.
Nature did recompence thy want of clay
With heauenly fire; thy body could not ſtay
Thy actiue ſoule heere longer, t'was too light
A clog to keepe from *Heauen* ſo ſtrong a ſpright.
Well might thy body be a ſoule to thoſe
Whoſe more groſſe earthen ſoules did late compoſe
Blacke libels gainſt thy fame, and rak'd ſo low
Into thy purged excrements to know
What foule diſeaſe durſt kill thee, and then found
Many were guilty: for it could not ſound
They thought like truth, that one diſeaſe ſlue thee
When they hauing all yet ſcape to *Deddick* free.
By this they ſhew that whatſoe're we thinke,
They know all theſe diſeaſes by th'inſtinck,
They are familiar with them and of kin,
To their firſt cauſes of being deadly ſinne,
And of the elders houſe too. For the diuell
(Chiefe libeller formes all degrees of euill
And like good boies of his, theſe labour too
(More then diſeaſe, or *Death*, or *Hell* can doe)
To kill the ſoule, and to bely a fame
Which laughes to ſcorn, all *ſcorne*, & ſhames all *ſhame*.
You that ſtand next the helme and thinke y're free
From their ſharpe viperous tongues, it cannot be;
If death comes, theſe *Rauens* follow, and perchance
(Time fauouring their deſires) th'eile leade the dance

And

And raile at you too. Tis not you they hate
But our bleſt King, Religion, and the State.
And if (which God forefend) ſo ſtood the time
Y'ould ſee they could do worſe, then they can rime.
Now I haue throwne my ſelfe into the way
To meete their rage, and (if I can) to ſtay
Their dog-like malice rather on my head
Then ſuffer it pollute and wrong the dead.
If they alledge I giue him more then due,
You know their cuſtome, they cannot ſpeake true.
But if they ſay I gaue him leſſe, their ſpite
Shewes neither I nor they can do him right.

The

The Sunne paſt by degrees thoſe ſignes
Which to his ſotherne ſeate inclines,
And now in Leo *ſate aloft.*
The ſweating labourer bans him oft,
The Shepheard melts, and ore the Plaine
His new ſhorne-ſheepe ſeeke ſhades in vaine.
The Marchant, Sea man, euery Trade
They ſay by him are Banckrupt made.
He heares it and (at height of noone,
Hides his bright beames behinde the Moone.
They ſadly know that doth preſage
Dearth, death, warre, want to euery age
And then his late wiſht abſence mone;
" Fooles wiſemen miſſe, when they are gone.

SInce its decreed in heauen, found true on earth,
That all things haue an end which had a birth;

That

That no eſtate is fixed, nights follow noone,
Ebs ſecond floods, change fils the horned Moone
Which wanes againe at full, and ſhewes the glory
Of *Earths* beſt eſſence to be tranſitory:
How happy is that Man whoſe fate expires
Before declenſion crowned with his deſires.
And hath his daies by vertuous actions told,
Gueſsing how much he would had he been old,
Since yong, his noted deeds out-vied his daies
And he lack't not true worth but rather praiſe.
Few touch this point, yet hither ſeeme to bend
Preuenting ruine with a violent end.
So *Otho*, and the *Perſian Monarch* fell,
But this ſteepe way precipitates to *Hell*
Flattering with ſeeming help our wretched ſtate
Not curing woes, but making deſperate.
Our way is holy, white, and leades to bliſſe
Not by oblique attempts. For nature is
Made priuy with our paſſage, and we ſtay
Till ſhe leades gently on, Grace making way.
Not euery common *Preſident* can fit
This golden rule, all aime; but few can hit
This narrow paſſage which more fames the man,
Then ſayling twiſe through fatall *Magelan*:
Or girding all the earth with one ſmall bote,
Diſcouering gold, new worlds, things of rare note.
From hence the ground of thy great praiſes ſpring
O *Cecill* lou'd of God, good men, the King,
Borne vp not by ſtolne imps or borrowed plumes,
Which lets them fall who with high flight preſumes
Neere the ſuns ſcorching beames; thy natiue worth,
Vertue, and actiue knowledge, ſet thee forth

This

his Kingdomes *Pilot*, where no ſtorme or ſtreſſe
ould make thee loſe thy compaſſe or expreſſe
hew of doubt, but firmely guide our ſtate
s th'adſt beene ruler both of chance and fate.
This well thy Maſter ſaw, who therefore plac'd
ee next himſelfe, and with high honors grac'd
y great deſerts: more could'ſt thou not deſire
or earth afford, yet that which we admire
as aboue this, euen in the top of theſe,
eing neerer heauen thither to mount with eaſe,
s if th'adſt tane th'aduantage of the time
n *Greatneſſe* ſtaires, helpt by good deeds to clime.
O happy thou, but wretched creatures wee
o ſee thy flight, and yet to ſlander thee:
o feele the fruite of thy life waſting care,
Which zealous for our good, no time would ſpare,
o cheriſh nature, that we thus being free
hould onely freedome vſe to raile at thee.
ur idleneſſe proclaimes thy well ſpent time,
ince by thy meanes we leiſure haue to rime,
Vhil'ſt neighbour States are acting it in blood,
Which we ſcarce heare of, neuer vnderſtood.
The benefite the Sunne giues to our ſight,
We ſee not halfe ſo well by day as night.
Want giues a grace to goodneſſe, when th'inioying
onfounds and dazells ſenſe like honny cloying.
ome needes no target till the ſword be loſt:
Vhil'ſt *Neſtor* wakes, well may *Thirſites* boaſt.
iſhers and expert Maſters are all one
n calmes and deepes, the ſhip there goes alone.
But when the winds, ſeas, rocks, and ſands do fight,
he skilfull Maſter then keepes all vpright.

Plutar in vita Fabii.

We

We feare no ſtormes the *Porpuſes* do play,
The *Dolphins* dance, and *Proteus* flocks do ſtray
O're *Neptunes* watry Kingdome ſafe and free,
None caſting doubts, or fearing what may be.
May this calme laſt perpetuall, and faith then
We ne're ſhall need thee *Cecil* nor ſuch men:
Others we haue to fill thy roome thou gone,
So *Ariſtippus* ſaith; ſtone ſits on ſtone.
We yet are ſenſeleſſe of thy loſſe, and find
No danger in't. Like ſome within the winde
Of a great ſhot, whoſe violent thunder driues,
The ſenſe into diſtraction, and depriues
The eare of preſent vſe: ſo did report
Of thy death make vs mad to raile and ſport,
To temporiſe, lye, flatter; ſo defaming
Our ſelues, ſtate, manners, law, religion ſhaming:
But now the fit being paſt, tis plaine to ſenſe
" Though man forbeares *Heauen* pleads for innocence
" *Vertue* o'recomes by ſufferance, and good deeds
" Are fenc'd by *Calumny*, as herbes by weeds.

Th

The Cynicke ſicke and like to die,
To ſuch as askt where he would lie,
Made anſwere where you will; the field
Is large, and roome enough doth yeeld.
But they reply'de, the fields are wide;
Rauenous beaſts and vermine vilde
Haunt thoſe places; Kites and Crowes
Who to dead men no mercy ſhowes.
True (quoth he) but if you pleaſe
Lay a ſtaffe to driue hence theſe.
Tis only man I feare aliue,
From my graue beaſts only driue.
"Though (liuing) we haue ſlaues for dogs,
"Dead w'are rooted vp by hogs.

Epitaphium.

EPITAPHIVM.

ROmes poiſon, *Spaines* cóplots, the *French* deſignes
Thy skill foreſees, diſcouers, vndermines.
Dog-like they lick'd the duſt, crouch't low, and faund
When (liuing) thy skil'd power did ought command:
But (dead) they madly rage, grin, ſome for ſpite;
For toothleſſe curres will bark that cannot bite.

TO

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY,

Henry Doile, Esquire.

THe folly which in man with wit is fixt,
Must needes haue pleasant things with wholesome (mixt;
Else Nature loath it. Homers *frogs and mise*
Instructs Achilles: Virgil *is not nice*
To tune an Oten pipe. These toyes I send:
Accept; to please, and profit is my end.

Sic paruis componere magna solebam. Virgi.

SATYRA AVLICA.

WHo (weary of contentfull Countries rest)
Repaires to Court, with patience had best
Fore-arme himselfe, both *Fate* and *Fortune* proofe
'Gainst all assaults, or wisely stand aloofe:
For plainnesse is despisde, and honestie
Is fellow Shakerag with simplicitie.
To be a Scholler, is to be a foole:
Rude impudencie is the Courtiers Schoole.
Arts are but Lackies to attend and waite
On Ignorance, Apparance, and Deceite.

Canſt thou ſeeme wiſe? Enough. This followes then,
" Vizards haue fairer vizages then men.
To be a Souldier is to be a ſlaue,
Danger abroad, reproach at home to haue.
Deepe furrow'd wounds freſh bleeding in the wars
Findes leſſe reliefe and pittie then the ſcars
Of muskey Courtiers, when their ſmooth ſlicke skin,
Is bramble-ſcratched with a Ladies pinne.
Nor do they now, (as er'ſt they did) delight,
The ſtubborne *Steedes* to mannage to the fight;
To tilt and turnay with ſtrong ſtaues of oake,
To fight at barriars with a *Brandons* ſtroake,
To dance in compleat armour, (but alas!)
To tilt, fight, dance and turnay with a laſſe.
The *Schollerſhip* they vſe, is to diſcourſe
Of my Lords bloud-hound, and his Honors horſe:
To tell how well the one purſued the chaſe,
The other ſwiftly ranne a luſtie race.
Or if more high their heauy wits aſpire,
It's to diſpute of luſt, and looſe deſire.
Their Soulderie is ſwaggering in the Court,
Where none may ſtrike the vrger but in ſport:
To offer ſtrangers, ſtrange and foule diſgraces,
Preſuming on their priuiledged places,
Which oft-times is repaide them, when they come
Abroad from Court, they'r welcom'd like Iack drum.
Their idle houres, (I meane all houres beſide
Their houres to eate, to drinke, drab, ſleepe and ride)
They ſpend at ſhooue-boord, or at penny pricke,
At dice, cards, tennis; or they will not ſticke
Rather then not be idle, to delay
At ſhittle-cocke the precious time away.

O ſlaues! regard what ſlander doth ariſe
From your effeminate ſlow cowardiſe.
Haue you no Soules? no pens? no ſwords in hand?
Behold where curſed *Mahomet* doth ſtand,
Triumphing o're the Croſſe; the Iew beſide
And *Heathen* do our holy faith deride.
For *ſhame* vnſheath your ſwords, let not reproch
You ſluggiſh eaſe is forraine kingdomes broch.
Caſt painted *Puppets* from your yeelding neckes
And ſcorne to ſtoope when the ſtale *Strumpet* beckes:
Let ſtallians ſerue to ſquench the ſcorching heate
Of ſuch as marrow, oyſters, Ringoes, eate.
You that are Scholers, ſouldiers, or ſuch men
Whoſe ſoules ſeeke knowledge, flee this ſhady den
Of ignorance; let thither none reſort
But Taylors, Bauds, Perfumers, fooles for ſport,
Cookes, Painters, Barbers, Fidlers; theſe may hap
To ſleepe in fortunes net, and honors lap.
In honors lap? auaunt baſe dunghell groomes
You are but ſhadowes: honors lofty roomes
Muſt be ſupplide with men. Though *Iſis Aſſe*
Thinke men adore his greatneſſe as they paſſe.
Yet *Iſis* knowes tis falſe; then hence be gon
And let deſert be honored alone.
Fortune vſurpe no more, permit not fooles
To triumph ouer Souldiers, Arts, and Schooles.
Let not the wit for higher actions able,
Attend for ſcraps at *Ignoramus* table.
Faire *Cynthia* fill thy horne, at length ariſe
And chaſe theſe blacke clouds from our troubled skies

AN IRISH BANQVET, OR THE Mayors feaſt of Youghall.

TAles many haue been told by men of yore,
Of Giants, Dragons, and of halfe a ſcore
9 Worthies Worthies ſaue one, of Caſtles, kings and knights,
Of Ladies loues, of Turnaies, and ſuch ſights
As *Mandeuile* ne're ſaw; yet none like this
Which my Muſe howles: then liſten what it is.
a The old Maior, [a] *Saturne* grew old, and the gods did agree,
b New Maior. That [b] *Ioue* ſhould him depriue of Soueraigntie,
c Alder-men, And become chiefe himſelfe. A ſolemne day
Appointed was, when all the [c] Gods moſt gay,
Attired in mantles faire, and truſes ſtrange,
Came to behold this Lecher-like lou'd change.
The frie of all the Gods was there beſide,
And each his baſtard had, his Whore and Bride.
The milk-white path which to *Ioues* Pallace leades,
In comely order all this rich troope treades.
d An old wife. [d] *Ceres* threw wheate vpon *Ioues* face moſt daintie,
Preſaging and foreſpeaking future plenty.
The well-inſtructed ſwine did follow after,
e Smell out the meaning. And for the wheat left ſomething that was ſofter,
[e] Ciuet, like Iriſh ſope. Sweete naturde beaſts,
Fit waiters at ſuch ciuill ſolemne feaſts.
At length the traine reach't the high Hall of *Ioue*.
f Alder-mens wiues. The Gods ſat downe, the [f] Goddeſſes then ſtroue
x Miſtres Maiores. For place and ſtate: but [x] *Iuno* moſt demurely,
Plac'de and diſplac'de that day, as pleaſde her ſurely,

The

The tables stood full crownde with dainty dishes,
Enough to satisfie the idle wishes
Of longing Wiues, or Maids grown green and sickly,
With eating fruit, and doing nothing quickly.
Huge [h] hands of butter not yet fully blue,
With quiuering custards of a doubtfull hue.
Stewde prune, and bread that passeth [i] Malahane.
And honny sweeter farre then sugar cane.
Greene apples and such plenty of small Nuts.
That therewith safely one might fill his guts,
Though he were sure the Cookes were Irish sluts.
The goblets sweld with pride, themselues to see,
So full of French and Spanish wines to be.
Nectar-like Vsqua-bath, or Aqua-vitæ, (mighty
And browne Ale growne in yeeres and strength most
Was there as plentifull a [k] Bonniclabbar,
That euery guest his cleane lickt lips might slabbar
In full satiety, till they were crownde
With *Bacchus* wreathes, and in still slumber drownde.
The fidling [l] Spheeres made musicke all the while.
And riming [m] Bardes braue meeter did compile
To grace this feast: when [n] *Phœbus* standing vp
Tooke in his greasie fist a greasier cup
And drunke to *Daphnes* health. *Bacchus* replide
And straightway quaft another to the bride
Of *Mulciber*. This health past all along.
Then *Mars* his feather wagde amongst the throng
Carowsing *Pallas* health (braue wench and wise)
Which draught cost bonny [o] *Cupid* both his eyes,
Straining to pledge it. *Maias* sonne stood still,
And stilly mark't how *Ganimed* did fill
The seuerall healths, which swiftly past around

[h] So they call their butter cakes.
[i] Bread of cruds.
[k] Common Irish drinke.
[l] Two fidlers and a blind boy with a bagpipe.
[m] Their Poet, Chroniclers.
[n] One of the Aldermen.
[o] The fidlers boy.

Till

Till all the Gods, and Goddesses had bound
p Their browes with wreathes of Iuy leaues and vines,
And each his forehead to his knee enclines.
q *Apollo* then slipt thence, and being halfe drunke
His burning bonnet doft, and slily sunke
His head in *Thetis* lap. So heauen lost light,
And cheerefull day was damp't with irksome night.
r *Ioue* yet disposde to mirth, bad *Iuno* spread
Her Starry mantle or'e the worlds blacke head.
But s she inrag'de with plumpe *Lyeus* iuice,
And mad with iealousie, without excuse
Refusde to guild the then vnspangled skie,
With th'eyes of *Argus* her cow-keeping spie.
t And aided by Necessitie, and Fate,
And all the shrewder Goddesses, *Ioues* state
She durst assume, and boldly presse as farre
As all the Gyants in their ciuill warre.
They first bound *Ioue*, then all the other Gods,
Who were constrain'd by darknes, drinke, and th'ods
Of this conspiracie, to condescend
To hard conditions for a quiet end.
u *Ioue* granted *Iuno* power of all the ayre,
Her frowne or smile makes weather fowle or faire.
His thunderbolts and lightning she may take,
And with her tongue the worlds firmes axtree shake.
From hence do women their free charter hold,
To rule gainst reason, or else cry and scold.
Proserpina obtained of her *Pluto*,
That such should only speed, who she-saints sue to:
That all affaires of man in state or purse
His wife should sway, or women that are worse.
From whence this custome springs in towne and city,

p They were almost all drunke.
q The Sun went down.
r Master Maior cald to his wife for candles.
s She was drunke and would none.
t She took Master Maior a box on the eare.
u Mistris Maiores might doe what she would.

The wife growes rich, the bankerout begs for pitty.
Venus got leaue to lie with all that loue her:
And that no ſawcy god ſhould once reproue her:
That *Mars* and ſhe might dally, whil'ſt *Don Vulcan*
Should freely to their pleaſures drinke a full can.
Frō whence this vſe proceeds, that wiues once wātons
Wage ſeruants, as the French the Swizzers Cantons.
You that are Statiſts looke vnto this geare,
Do not *Tyrone* and his raſh ſtriplings feare;
Feare not *Tirconnel*, nor thoſe *Galliglaſſes*
That cut, and hacke, and carue men as it paſſes:
Feare thoſe which all theſe feare, thoſe fathers holy
Which make the whole world their ſole monopoly:
That crowne & vncrowne Kings, when as they pleaſe,
Play faſt and looſe like Iuglers with ſlight eaſe;
Diſſolue all othes, though made with hand and heart,
And pardon all ſinnes, [x] yea an Iriſh fart.
Feare theſe, and [y] thoſe they ioyne with, leſt too late
We finde our Ile an Amazonian ſtate,
Where none but women, Prieſts and Cocknies keepe
As cloſe as young [z] *Papirius*, and as deepe,
And none but theſe ſtate myſteries may know,
Leſt they to more fooles then themſelues ſhould ſhow
The [a] treaſons, ſtratagems, and [b] golden fables
Which are proiected at their Councell tables.
If this aduice be good, crie, *Ioue* be thanked,
And with that ſhort grace cloſe my Iriſh banquet,

[x] The eight deadly ſin, and more ſhunned of the Iriſhmen then the other ſeuen.
[y] Their croſſes, their wiues.
[z] His hiſtory is wel knowne.

[a] They plot and conſult of nothing elſe. [b] Stories out of the Legend which they beleeue aboue Gods Word.

To

To all those *Knights, Ladies*, and *Gentlemen*, to whom my Dedications are made, a true reason and excuse why I haue not placed them in their rankes and distances.

IF any of you now be discontented,
To haue your names found here, it is repented
On my part too: for I would no man wrong
Nor honour, but for merit in my song.
If here yon finde your vertues be not proude,
But thinke you are by me and truth allowde
To weare Fames liuery, which if y'abuse,
Shee'l soone pull off againe; and as you vse
To deale with your euill seruants, put ye forth
Naked of honour, if you be of worth:
But whilst you be what now I know and write,
Your fames guard me, and I giue you your right;
Yet not in place, for I my selfe professe
To be no Harold; but if worthinesse
Had as much power, as many hath, to grace,
You should not (hauing so much worth) want place.

9 IA 56

FINIS.

THE SECOND PART OF *PHILOMYTHIE*, OR *PHILOMYTHOLOGIE.*

CONTAINING CERTAINE TALES OF

True Libertie.
False Friendſhip.
Power Vnited.
Faction and Ambition.

By THOMAS SCOT Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Legatt* for *Francis Conſtable.* 1625.

BRITISH MUSEUM

MONARCHIA.

DEDICATED

To all the worthy profeſſors of the Law, who make not priuate-wealth, but the good and peace of the Common-wealth the end of their ſtudies and practiſe.

Though you (perhaps) be Clyentleſſe and few,
Friendleſſe and poore, yet 'tis to you I ſue
For kinde acceptance. You alone are they
Who by example guide vs in our way.
You looke not on the fee, but on the cauſe,
And follow truth, as truth doth lead the Lawes.
The reſt, with vice, and wealths ill-gotten load,
Paſſe on to death, in glories beaten road.

THE'inhabitants of the Ile of *Wight* did boſt,
No vermin vs'd to harbour in their coaſt.
For they no hooded Monkes, nor Foxes had,
Nor Law * Retriuers who make fooles run mad,

Cambden in Inſula vectis. This title is giuen them by our worthy L. chiefe Iuſtice of Eng.

With their ſtrife-ſtirring tongues; but liu'd as free,
From theſe, as by them others combred be.
And though our whole land cannot boaſt ſo farre,
That we from all ſuch vermin quitted are:
Yet happy is our Ile, that's hemd about
With water-walles, to keepe our enemies out;
Whilſt we (as *Adam* did) in *Eden* dwell,
And ſcarce of *famine* in an age heare tell.
Where hils are clad with woods, and vales with corn
Whoſe laden eares doe liſten to be ſhorne.
Where ſhephearde neither Lyon doubt, nor Beare,
Nor rauening Wolfe which ſheep & ſhepheard teare;
But each in ſafety dwell, and fillie ſheepe
From all but Man, doe one the other keepe.
O happy are we if we know our good,
And if our ſtate be rightly vnderſtood:
To liue thus free vnder ſo bleſt a King,
Iuſt *Magiſtrates* and *Clergy-men*, that ſing,
The ſongs of *Syon* in the holy tongue
Conuerting old men, aud informing yong.
No ſpirit-tyrant, *Pope*, *State*, *Tyrant*, *Turke*.
Can here their bloudy ends and proiects worke;
But each in ſafety may his owne poſſeſſe,
More free then Kings, becauſe our cares be leſſe.
But moſt vnhappy are thoſe neighbour lands,
Where Peace, and Plenty, as two ſtrangers ſtands;
Where bloodie war, and bloodleſſe *famine* ride
Vpon the ruin'd top of thankleſſe Pride:
Where Law deſtroies, Diuinity deceiues,
And where the crowne the care of kingdome leaues.
Where men eate men, as beaſt deuourd by beaſt,
The ſtrong the weaker kill, the great the leaſt.

Where

Where tyrannie in triumph mounted hie,
Makes truth and innocence in dungeon lie.
This tale the difference ſhewes, that wee may know
How much to God for our good king we owe.
An aged Hart, vpon mount *Carmel* bred,
Hauing as Admirall the Nauy led
From *Syria* through the Seas, to Cyprus ſhore,
Where all the Ile with greene is couered o're.
Hapt by a Parke to trauaile, where he ſpide
A yonger ſad Hart, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Th'impriſoning pale, and vſing all his skill
To free himſelfe from thence, to larger ill.
Good brother (quoth the ſtranger) let me know,
What heauy thoughts they are that vex you ſo?
Why do you ſadly ſo your ſelfe bemone?
Why hauing friends within come you alone
To feed ſad melancholly, and inuent
To doe a raſh act, which youle ſoone repent?
The younger Deere made anſwer, Can ye muſe
Why I am ſad, and wherefore I doe vſe
All meanes to free my ſelfe, from being thus
A ſlaue to him that's foe to all of vs?
Know brother, I endure more ſorrowes here,
In one halfe day, then you in one whole yeere.
For you haue liberty to come and goe,
Though forreſter and wood-man both ſay no.
But I by cruell man, impriſond keepe,
Within this woodden walls, where none but ſheepe
Hares, Conyes, Cowes, and other of my kinne
Are my aſſociates, ſimple ſoules within.
I haue no beaſt of worth, of birth, or wit,
With whom I may conuerſe; but faine to fit

My lofty ſpirit to the lowly ſtraine,
Of baſe companions, ſluggiſh, fearefull, vaine.
No Wolues or Dogs come here, whereby decaies
The exerciſe of valure and the praiſe.
The traps for vermin, are ſo thicke beſet,
That oftentimes they ſome of vs doe get.
The watchfull keeper, euery night and morne,
Commands me riſe, and reſt with his ſhrill horne,
He with his Lymehound rounds the pale about,
For feare leaſt we be ſtolne or broken out.
He feeds vs cheerefully, and doth prouide
Sufficient meat that's fit for euery tide;
But being fat, he chooſeth which he likes,
And through our ſides, deaths forked arrow ſtrikes.
Thus all he doth, is his owne turne to ſerue,
And for his owne life doth our liues preſerue.
Then gentle brother helpe to free me hence,
And my ſwift thanks ſhall yeeld you recompence.
Stay brother mad-brain ſtay, quoth Light foot thē
If you were out, you'ld wiſh you in agen.
I was in *Syria* borne, and euery yeere
A dangerous voyage make, for what you here
Enioy with proud contempt. We cannot find
" Content on earth, without a thankfull mind.
You ſlight your eaſe and plenty; we, alas!
With toyle ſeeke that which you with ſcorne let paſſe.
Our meat is grutchd, we like to robbers watcht,
So what we feed on, here and there is ſnatcht.
The pale you call your priſon rather may,
Be tearmd your Caſtle, Garden, Cloſet, Stay,
To keepe out others from thoſe ioyes of yours,
Or to preſerue you from theſe woes of ours.

Whilſt

Whilſt we without by Lyons, Leopards, Beares,
Wolues, Eagles, Serpents, and a thouſand feares,
Are howrely vext, beſet, beſieged ſo,
That as our ſhadowes, death doth next vs goe.
Yet none our deaths reuenge, nor craues account,
How our neglected blood is lauiſht out.
For euen that Man (which is your guard) to vs
Proclaimes himſelfe a foe, moſt dangerous.
He hunts for our deſtruction cheeres the hound,
Rides, runs, whoopes, hollowes, and at euery ſound,
Rings our ſhrill deaths bell with ſo fearefull blaſt,
As charmes our ioynts to heare, whilſt hounds make (haſt
To finiſh our deſired death, and glut
VVith our ſweet fleſh, each vermins maw and gut.
Thus doe we die abroad, for euery man
Claimes right in vs, and labors all they can,
Our weary feet in toyles, nets, ſnares t'incloſe,
VVhen you haue friends, to guard you from your foes
If therefore you haue told me truth that there
You doe no creature but your keeper feare;
O bring me to this priſon, ſhew me how
I may obtaine a bleſſed life with you.
Direct me to a leape, ile ſoone leape in.
" Tis happineſſe, vnhappy to haue been.
VVith that he mounts the pale, adue quoth he,
Vaine, wide, wild world; who ſerues the law is free.

Epimythi-

There hath been long disputation to finde out the true freedome. The world holds opinion that Libertines who doe what they list, and lust what soeuer is vnlawfull are onely free men. Cain *was founder of this brotherhood. He might doo what he list, he was a vagabond exempt from lawes, he had a marke of priuiledge set vpon him to keepe him from punishment here. Our Iesuits and King-killers being exempt from the temporall sword are free of this company. But the child of God whose affections are mortified, who obeyes law for conscience sake, who is a law vnto himselfe, is the onely freeman; for him the Magistrate beares the sword in vaine. He would be honest without law, and will be honest if the law should forbid him. Yet would he not resist, but submit himselfe to power. Hee is free of that company whereof* S. Paul *professeth himselfe one when hee saith,* I haue learned in all estates to bee contented. *How much more happy are they who liue vnder the protection of a good King, and wholesome lawes, then these are who liuing here like outlawes, goe without contradiction out of momentary pleasure and liberty into eternall slauery and punishment.*

THE

The Cony-burrow.

Dedicated to the louers of worth, *and friends of vertue, who follow* truth with a ſingle heart, and ſpeake it with a ſingle tongue.

Be innocent, but circumſpect withall,
The Turtles mate may be the Turtles ſtall.
Be wiſe yet truſt not wit. The traps we make
For others, firſt doe our falſe fingers take.
what we delight to vſe, take pride to weare,
Take vs; as Abſalon *hangd with his haire.*
Then walke vpright, to neither hand encline,
There's nought frees innocence, but grace diuine.

THe Polcat, Ferret, Lobſtar, Weaſell, made
A ſecret match, the Cony to inuade:
VVhich no way they could compaſſe, whilſt he kept
Himſelfe abroad, when as hee fed or ſlept.

At

At laſt the Polcat to the Cony went,
With this ſmooth ſpeech. Good couſen my intent
Hath been long ſince t'acquaint you with our kin,
And tell ye how our couſenage came in.
Your Grandame was my carefull foſtermother,
To your kind Sire, I was a foſterbrother;
My education, nurture, and my foode,
I from my youth receiued from your ſweet brood.
In recompence whereof, my thankfull mind,
A fitte requitall long deſired to finde.
The time is come, for I haue lately found,
A ſecret plot, wherein the cunning hound
The cloſe diſſembling Tumbler, *Lurcher* ſwift,
With Raynard that knowes many a ſubtill ſhift.
The Eagle and the Goſhauke, haue agreed,
Their ſtomacke with your dainty fleſh to feed.
Firſt they intend the hound ſhall hunt you out,
And by your footing heate ye once about.
Then ſhall that hypocrite, the *Tumbler* trie,
To cheate you of your life, with his falſe eie.
But if he faile, the Lurcher with his ſpeed,
Will ſnatch yee vp (they hope) and do the deed.
If not the Eagle, Fox, and Goſhauke, ſweare,
To eat no meat, till on your lims they teare.
The harmleſſe Cony; at this dire report,
Ready to ſound, beſought in humble ſort
The wary Polcat him t'inſtruct and teach
A way, how he might ſcape his foes long reach.
Faith (quoth the Polcat) you perhaps might hide,
Your ſelfe among thicke buſhes vneſpide,
But that the Hounds and Lurcher both are there,
whoſe ſents will quickly find ye out, I feare.

Againe vpon the rocks, you might remaine,
But that the Eagle, Fox, and Goſhauke ſaine
Thei'l watch ye there; ſo that no other way
Remaines to ſcape with life, but night and day
To ſcrape and grate with your forefeet, a den,
Within the earth, where ſafe from beaſts and men,
And foule, and euery bloody foe you ſhall,
Your life ſecurely lead in ſpite of all.
The ſimple Cony doubting no deceit,
Thought treaſon had not councell for a bait.
And therefore thanks his foe, and (glad at heart)
To dig his owne graue vſeth all his art.
A ſandy place he ſeeks, and finding one,
Free from all clay, or flint, or other ſtone,
He with his forefeet grates, and makes a burrow,
As deepe, as if he ment to trauaile thorow,
The body of the earth, and meet the Sunne,
When it vnto the *Antipodes* doth run.
Which hauing finiſht, he prepares a feaſt,
And there the Polcat is the chiefeſt gueſt.
The Lobſter, Ferret, Weaſel too muſt goe,
To ioy him in his houſe, they loue him ſo;
And their great friend, the ſiluer-ſuited Snake,
Muſt needs along with them, and merry make.
He welcomes them, and doth before them ſet,
What iunckets he with purſe or paines could get.
The Lyons Court hath not a dainty diſh,
But he prouides it, euen beyond their wiſh.
"Yet they that long for blood, till blood be ſhed,
"Cannot be ſatisfied, though fully feed.
Ingratitude! thou monſter of the minde,
Art thou not only proper to mankind?

Is

Is there a beaſt that can forget his friend,
And for his owne ends, worke his fellowes end?
Is there a beaſt whoſe luſt prouokes him kill
The beaſt that did him good, nere wiſht him ill?
Is there a beaſt who vnder kindneſſe can
Diſſemble hate? O then thrice happy man!
Thou art not only he that kilſt thy brother,
Some beaſts there are that murther one another.
Some foules, ſome fiſhes, Serpents ſome there are
VVho pray vpon their kind in open war.
And ſome that vnder friendſhip falſly faind,
VVith fellowes murther haue their natures ſtaind.
Nay there is one who can ſo couer euill,
That man may iudge him Angell, find him diuell.
He firſt with ſweet meats poyſond *Adams* ſeed,
Since when of ſweet meats wiſeſt men take heed.
So need not theſe bold gueſts, they eat and drink
And then riſe vp to play; but neuer thinke
Ought fadgeth right, till they haue brought to paſſe
The purpoſde plot for which this meeting was.
Therefore (diſſemblingly) the Polcat gins,
To licke and catch the Cony, and ſo wins
Hold vnderneath his throat, which hauing faſt,
The tragedy begins, the ſport is paſt.
For all aſſault him then on euery part,
Some at his ſides, ſome at his head and heart.
Some at his belly, but the poiſonous Snake,
Doth at his tayle a deadly iſſue make.
The helpleſſe Cony ſues, intreats, and ſtriues,
But he muſt die had he ten thouſand liues.
Each foe his greedy gorge with blood doth glut
And with his ſweet fleſh cram each hollow gut.

" But blood that's ſweet in taſt, is not ſo ſound,
" To feed vpon, as milke that's eaſier found.
The Snake with poiſonous touch had venome ſpred,
Through all the ſwelling vaines, from taile to head.
And they had ſuckt the blacke infection in;
A fitting vengeance for their crying ſinne.
Straight they their ſtomacke find not well at eaſe,
And ſomething feele, that doth their minds diſpleaſe.
The VVeaſel firſt ſuſpects the Snake, for he
Can neuer with a Serpent well agree;
Saies, they are poiſond all by one baſe ſlaue,
VVhoſe company the Ferret needs would haue.
The Snake replies, he did no more but what
He was appointed to performe by plot.
And if they fooliſhly had eat their laſt,
He could not mend with ſorrow what was paſt.
They find it true, but find it now too late,
Each rauing dies, and yeelds conſtraind by fate.
Yet ere they die, all doe their farewell take,
By ſhaking teeth together on the Snake.
VVho deadly wounded, crawles but faintly thence,
Confounded with the guilt of his offence.
And heeding not his way, by good miſhap,
Became a priſoner to the warriners trap.
This feaſt was ended thus, death tooke away,
And where they did not well we mend it may.

Epimythium.

Epimythium.

Some are of opinion that wisedome consisteth in the abilitie to giue good counsell. But I thinke the knowledge how to take good counsell, and how to discerne the differences of aduise, is the principall part of wisedome. That Frog in Æsope which in a great drought spying water in a deep pit aduised his fellow to leape downe, that they might be satisfied and liue there, gaue good counsell and seemed to be a patterne of the first wisedome spoken of. But the other Frogge that refused his aduise, and diued deeper then the present time, then the bottome of the pit with this question; But if the water faile vs there, how shall we get out, or how shall we liue there: was a figure of the second wisedome, and teacheth vs that it is harder to take good counsell then to giue it. Let vs therefore beware in this point, and learne to looke a little beyond that good which is first and most apparant in euery proiect. The second and third good is that which we must rest on; for truth is often most remote and neerest the bottome; all that swims vppermost is the froth and false good and fraud.

THE

The Houſe of Fame.

Dedicated to all the noble attendants *of* Royaltie *in the Campe of* Vertue, who fight for the honor of the Church, and Common-wealth.

Till now of late we feard that loud report,
Of Creſſy *field*, Poictiers, *and* Agincourt,
Fought by our Kings and Princes heretofore,
Had not been true, or ſhould be told no more.
We wondred if thoſe Nobles euer were
Whom fame for armes and bounty did prefer:
We doubted all our Countries had forgot.
The deede of Audely *or beleeu'd it not.*
we thought our Nation was of worth bereft,
When bowes and arrowes and browne bills were left.
But ſee, occaſion now hath turnd our eyes,
To inward wars where greater wonders riſe.
To ſee affection conquerd, luſt chaſtiſde,
Priae humbled, Murther ſlaine, all vice deſpiſde.
And all old vertues freſhly now reneude,
By faire examples as the Sun ere vewd.
In which braue war of wonders (paſſing far

All other conflicts that compounded are
(Of loue and hate) each Lord who lends a hand
To fight against vice for vertue, doth this land
More honor then his anceſtors before
In conquering France, and ſhall be famd for't more.
Some for their Prudence who found out and led,
Others for zeale through whom the enemy fled.
Others for Art, whoſe skill the ſquadrons placed
Others for Iuſtice who the enemy chaſed,
And ſome for Conſtancie, who held it out.
And ſtill vnwearied, not vnwounded fought.
But none more fame attaind then mercies ſquire,
who begd to giue, all ſauing in deſire,
He Audely-like taught Courtiers how to craue
What they might giue away, and giuing ſaue,
Saue free from feare of forfeiture or loſſe,
Or there-begging or the next yeeres croſſe.
Or enuies eye-ſore, or the Commons hate,
Or poores complaint, or grieuance of the ſtate,
To him and to the reſt, this tale is ſent,
Howſoeuer taken with a good intent.

FAme that in *Homers* time a vagrant was,
Without a houſe and home, did after paſſe
In ſtately ſtructures all the mixed race
Of Semdeities, and euery place
Built her a Court, aſsiſted by the Rages
Of ſundry Poets in ſucceeding ages.

For

For euery one did ſomething adde, to frame
More ſpace and roome for their friends narrow fame.
Which as they purchaſt, ſtill to her they gaue
And that's the cauſe, themſelues ſo little haue.
This Fame hath now her houſe glazde all with eies,
The rafts, beames, balkes, nerues, ſinewes, arteries;
The dores wide open, eares; hangd round about
With nimble tongues, and couerd ſo without.
All things are ſeene and heard the wide world ore
Which touch that place, and fartheſt off the more.
The Houſe of Fame built vp foure ſtories hie,
Stands in an open plaine, in which doth lie
Foure ſiſter twins, *True fame, and good* the firſt,
And eldeſt are; falſe and bad fame the worſt.
And youngeſt payre, yet ſwifteſt are in flight
And though laſt borne, yet oft come firſt to light.
Theſe laſt dwell in two darker roomes below,
Among the thicke Crowdes where all errors grow.
There keepe they Court, where Scandals, Libels, lies,
Rumors, Reports, Suſpicions, calumnies,
Are fauorites and Gouernors of State,
Whoſe practiſe 'tis true worth to ruinate.
Falſe fame liues loweſt, and true Fame aboue,
Bad Fame next falſe, good fame next, true doth moue:
Yet good fame ſomtime doth with falſe fame ſtay,
And bad fame ſometime doth with true fame play.
But falſe and true (oppoſd) will neuer meete,
Nor bad and good fame, one the other greete.
It ſo fell out (as oft ſtrange things befall)
A gallant Knight, ariued at that faire Hall,
Attended on with ſuch a noble ſort,
Of warlike ſquires, as fild this ſpatious Court.

Who curiously enquiring of the rout,
Whose Court it was, could no waies find it out.
For contradictions crosse each other so,
As truth from falshood he could no waies know.
Bad fame did call it hers, and said, she was
A guide to such as vnto glory passe.
False Fame did call it hers; he saw they lide,
For 'boue their heads, two brighter Queens he spide.
True fame spake to him then, and let him know,
That she and good fame did the building owe,
Being eldest borne, to *Titan* and the Earth,
Before the Gyants war: when th'others birth
Long since was subiect to their parents sinne,
And heauens curse which now they liued in.
For as those Gyants gainst the Gods did war,
So these to truth professed enemies are;
Had by strong hand, and fraud, vsurpd her state:
And to expresse to vertue vtmost hate,
Had bard all passage to their houses hie,
That mortall men might in obliuion die
Or haue their memories blasted, glories kild
By eating time, with lies and slanders fild.
She wisht him then if he his good desired
To haue repeated, or his spirit aspired
To worthy honor as old knights had wont,
(Whose swords not rust, but too much vse did blunt)
That he would vse some meanes to set them free,
Whereby his blest name might eternizd be.
Good Fame then told him, that the only way,
How he this enterprize accomplish may,
Was by the helpe of mercy, prudence, art,
Iustice and zeale, and Constancy of heart.

All

All their knowne friends to ſummon vp in armes,
To force the place, and to diſperſe thoſe ſwarmes
Of idle vagabonds; who kept below
And hated good Fame, would not true fame know.
Then (ſince the ſtayres of fame were broken downe,
And do es ſtopt vp to glory and renowne)
She wild him make an engine wherewithall,
He might her lodging and her ſiſters ſcale,
And ſo himſelfe in ſpite of perill, raiſe
Aboue the reach of enuy, or diſpraiſe.
The Knight (in ſpirit rauiſht with delight
To heare their ſpeech, to ſee their goodly ſight)
Mounts his fierce Courſers backe, with which at hand
His Squires attend vpon his ſtrict command.
Wils euery one of them to take a dame,
Such as the Ladies of the houſe did name,
Who there attended that they might direct
This high attempt, with order and reſpect.
The Squires with willing minds the knight obaide,
And each behind them tooke a louely maide.
Prudence directs her Squires to lead the way,
(Who followes her direction cannot ſtray,)
At length they come vnto a fruitfull wood,
Wherein a world of vpright timber ſtood;
Tall Cedars, Cypres, Pine and royall Okes,
With country Elmes, and Aſh for plow and yokes.
The lea ned Laurell, and the weeping Mirrh,
The ſmarting Birch, and the ſweet ſmelling Firr
Grew there in order, and all trees beſide,
Wherein the thrifty Woodreeue taketh pride,
The knight ſuruaies all this, yet finds not one
Fit to be feld; till *Prudence* lights upon

A proud ſtraight *Aſpe*, whoſe wauing top did leane
On a ſlight *Poplar*, with ſome ſhrubs betweene.
The curſed *Eldar*, and the fatall *Yewe*,
With *Witch* and *Nightſhade* in their ſhadowes grew;
Whoſe ſaples tops, with mildewes often ſtood,
And grew ſelf-ſeare, and ouertopt the wood.
The *Rauen* & *Shreikeowle* there did build their neaſts,
And at their roots did harbour harmefull beaſts,
Which *Prudence* ſaw, but mercy would not ſee,
Till ſhe perceiu'd how euery other tree
Droop'd vnderneath the height of theſe alone,
And could not thriue, or grow till theſe were gone.
She therefore (ioynd with *Conſtancie* and *Zeale*)
Beſought ſharpe *Iuſtice*, who doth euenly deale
Her warie blowes, to fell all theſe with ſpeed;
Who ſoone conſents, and ſoone, performes the deed.
At euery ſtroke ſhe fetcht, the trees did grone,
The reſt did eccho laughter to their mone.
And now they lye along, their branches topt,
Their barke pild off, their trunks aſunder chopt.
Then *Art* with rule and line, theſe vſeleſſe payer
Frames (engine-like) a ſtraight clowd climing ſtayer
To mount *Fames* houſe; this euery *Squire* doth reare
And brauely on their backs do thi her beare.
But *Mercy* ſeeing all the other ment
To burne the *Chips*, to ſaue them ſhe is bent.
And, with her *Squire*, the knight praies, let them lye,
For he ſhall gaine, and glory get thereby.
Since chips which cut from *Aſpe* and *Poplar* bee,
Do ſoone take roote, each growes a goodly tree.
The knight conſents, and fenceth round the ſpring.
Whoſe forward growth doth hope of profit bring.

And

And now, together to the house of *Fame*
With speede they passe, where first the *falsest Dame*
Salutes them with a lye, and saith she heares
Her *Sisters* are together by the eares,
And haue destroyde each other; this she had
From her *Twin sister*, who tells rumors bad.
They slight her leasings, and with speedy assay
To raise the lather, where bold *Zeale* makes way;
But *false Fame* and *her Sister*, lay about
To hinder her, with all their rascall route.
Slander, foole-hardines and heartles feare,
With fooliſh Pittie, and falſe Loue was there,
Damnde Infidelitie, and ſecret Hate,
And treaſon too, that cloſe diſſembling mate.
Who all with open mouth, and open lyes,
All waies to stop his honord worke deuise.
They raile, and fight, intreat, and curse and ban.
The Knight proceedes, in scorne of what they can.
And mounts the ladder, with his sword in hand,
Which soone disparkles, such as dare withstand.
Zeale hales him vp, and *Prudence* guides him right,
True Constancie encourageth the fight,
Mercy saues all the innocent, who swarme
For companie, not with intent of harme;
Art orders euery act, the engine staies
And helpes the Knight step after step, to praise
The lusty squires below, with sword and lance,
Withstand bad fame, whilst Iustice doth aduance
Her heauy hatchet, and strikes off the head
Of both the leaders, and there leaues them dead.
Which when their troopes discouer, they forsake
Th'vsurped fortresse, and themselues betake.

To heady flight, into a marsh neere hand,
Where many whispering reeds and Osiars stand.
There they like out-lawes do themselues inclose,
In wilfull banishment, with all the foes
Of this good knight, whose valure vndertooke
This high attempt, that Fame might rightly looke
On all deseruers, and that man might finde,
Like freedome for his tongue, as for his mind.
That vertue might be crowned by true fame,
And honest meaning liue with honored name.
Which promise gladly both the sisters swore,
In solemne forme; and now as heretofore
The freedome of their tongues they both possesse;
And worth is knowne from base vnworthinesse.
The knight they humbly thanke, and him they crowne
The Soueraigne of glory and renowne.
Which stile, Fames trumpetters the foure winds blow
Through th'earths foure quarters, that the world may
Th'extent of vertuous actions; how no power (know
Can stop their passage, nor lanke time deuoure
Their sweet remembrance; which shall liue as long
As nature hath an eare, or eye, or tongue.
To euery Squire then they this fauour giue,
That after death their Fames shall euer liue;
For still those Ladies, whose imploiment they
So well aduanc't shall duly night and day
Repeate their labors, and prefer them far
Beyond *Alcides* workes, as peace doth war
Surpasse in glory, or those works we doe,
When others wills, and ours we conquer too.
Now 'tis proclaimd that if we tell no lies,
We may with boldnesse speake and feare no spies.

That

That what this age hath done, this age may heare,
As well repeated now as the next yeere.
That all our words our ſelues ſhall firſt expound,
And that no forc't conſtruction ſhall confound
Our honeſt meaning, but bee't ill or well,
We may with freedome our opinions tell.
Since no man dares to doe the thing which he,
Would haue all the world both heare and ſee.
Theſe orders ratified, they fall to ſport,
And fill with maskes and reuells all the Court.
The ſequel I refer to Fames relation,
Whoſe golden trumpe ſounds vs a bleſſed nation.

Satellitium.

Satellitium.

Dedicated to all that ſtand Sen-*inell, that watch and ward in defence*

of this kingdome, eſpecially to the ſtrength and guard of the State.

Be of one minde; Religion tyes a knot,
Which none vndoes, by practiſe or by plot.
But if in that we differ, be our breed
Within one houſe, or wombe, of all one ſeede.
'Tis ſeuer'd ſoone by hate, reſpect, or gold,
Which Law can neuer ſoulder, art make hold.
'Faith only ioynes, what nothing ſunder can.
'Beaſts loue for benefits, for vertue Man.

WHo guarded round about, with Parthian bowes,
Or Spaniſh pikes; or hedg'd and dikt with rowes
Of ſturdie Ianiſaries, or the ſhot
Of hardy Swizzars, or the valiant Scot,

And

And after theſe with walles of ſteele and braſſe,
Hemd in ſo cloſe that ſcarce the ayre may paſſe
Betwixt the cliffes, is not ſo free from doubt,
As is that King whom loue doth guard about.
Whom ſubiects loue doth guard, becauſe that he
Guards them from all oppreſsion, and makes free
His noble fauourers to deſert and worth,
Spreading his valiant vertues frankly forth,
That both his owne may finde, and neighbors know,
What glorious fruit doth from religion grow.
How ſweet an odor Iuſtice ſends to heauen,
How rare example is to Princes giuen,
By vertuous deeds, to ſtop the mouthes of thoſe,
Who vnreform'de are reformations foes.
Such one ſleepes ſafe within the armes of loue,
Diuine regard doth all his ſubiects moue
To due obedience; and with ſacred awe
Binds conſcience, with a ſtronger bond then lawe.
Such heauen informes, whilſt hell doth vndermine,
And ſpite of darkeſt plots with grace diuine
Doth hedge about, that naked in the armes
Of enemies he is preſeru'd from harmes.
They ſleepe ſecurely, feed on holſome cates,
Angels their beds make, cookes their delicates
Giues Antidotes gainſt poyſons, doth defend
Gainſt damned witches and their God the fiend,
No Ieſuits at their elbowes can do hurt,
Nor troopes of Papiſts that their courts ingirt.
For God doth them in his bleſt armes incloſe,
Safe, though their chiefeſt fauourites were foes.
O happy then good Kings proceed, ride on,
Grow vp in glory, as you haue begun.

lide on for truths ſake, looke on either hand,
low you are guarded with a heauenly band
f bleſſed ſpirits, who ſhall lead you ſtill
n holy paths, and guide your ſteps from ill. Pſal. 91.
heſe being with you, you ſhall boldly tread
pon the Lyon, and the Dragons head,
nd trample danger vnderneath your feete,
s men tread ſtones, or dirt within the ſtreet,
Which only ſpraids them; your heauen-garded ſtate
s ſafer far, then that of Mithridate,
he King of *Pontus*, vnto whom befell,
V What ſtrange aduenture in this tale I tell.
This King perceiuing well there was no band, Ælianus.
f duty, loue, or nature, could withſtand
he ſtrong inticement of corrupting gold,
r baſer luſt, or humor ouerbold,
r fond ambition (which makes empty ſlaues
wim bladder borne vpon the floting waues
f falſe Opinion, with the arme of pride,
f borrowed power, and ignorance beſide)
ut that theſe would peruert the faith they had,
nd cauſe them after farther hopes run mad;
id to preuent all this, a guard prouide
f faithfull beaſts, whoſe ſtrength had oft been tried.
A Bull, a Horſe, a Hare, the Captaines were,
f this ſtrong guard, whoſe force did nothing feare
ut falſhood, and Ingratitude, and Treaſon,
rom which they were as free, as man from reaſon
V Vhy knowing more then beaſts, he ſhould not hate
s they doe, to be treacherous, and ingrate.
Theſe three together being put to feed,
nd ſport themſelues till there were farther need

Of

Of their knowne faith, together long did dwell
In peace and loue, till on a time it fell
That they with reſt and eaſe full fed and fat,
Had time to play, to dally, and to chat.
Then did the wanton Hart propound a courſe,
Betwixt himſelfe and the couragious Horſe.
The warlike Horſe did dare the horned Bull
To make one in the race, who ſtraight way full
Of burning choller, and aduſted blood,
Bad cowards run, hee for no footman ſtood.
Twas meet for them that durſt not ſtand it out,
To vſe their heeles, his heart was too too ſtout.
The angry Hart replies, ther's none of you,
But may to me as to your better bow,
I ſwifter then the Horſe, my feet can vſe,
And for my head, the Bull ile not refuſe
To combat with, my courage I am ſure
Is like my ſtrength as able to indure,
And doe, as either of you dare or can,
And more I am eſteemd by royall man.
Thoſe Serpents which you run from, I ſeeke forth,
And teare them with my teeth as nothing worth.
And as my life to man is ſweet and pleaſing,
So is my death, each part ſome ſorrow eaſing.
My hornes all mortall poyſon can expell,
My marrow makes ſtiffe-ioynted miſers well.
My fat yeelds ſtrength and ſweetneſſe; that fierce lad
Achilles, neuer other ſpoonemeat had.
Which made him ſuch a Captaine, euery part
Is phyſicall and comforteth the heart.
Yea euen my excrements the dropſie cures,
My teares, like precious Iewels, man allures.

To ſeek them vp, whereſoeuer they be ſhed.
My skin great Captaines weare when I am dead;
And boaſt that they haue ſuch a coat of proofe,
Which wounds withſtands, whence venome ſtands aloofe.
Then why) O baſer creatures) dare you brag
And match your ſelues with the long liuing Stag?
My life is long, cauſe I with coſt am wrought,
But nature ſlights your liues, as good for nought.
The creſted Horſe, with fiery eyes did ſhow,
What inward rage did in his hot blood flgw
To heare this bold ſpeech vttered, and with head
Toſt in the ayre his hardned hoofes doth tread
The ſcornd earth with contempt, then thus breaks out;
O thou fearefull of all the rout
Of hunted beaſts, how haps it that you dare
With me your maſter and your Lord compare?
Forget ye my preheminence? the loue
Man beares me? how one ſpirit ſeemes to moue
Me and my rider? that we ſtart and run,
Stop, turne, trot, amble, as we were but one?
Haue you at any time been calld to war,
Where none but Captaines and great Souldiers are?
Truſted to heare their Councels? on your backe
Borne the Commander of that royall packe?
I haue done this and more, borne him about
Through worlds of danger, and then borne him out
He truſts me when his legs he dare not truſt,
And when his hand, faile them performe I muſt.
Nay when he failes himſelfe in euery part,
I adde another life, another heart.
In war I thus befriend him, in his need,
And ſo in peace, I helpe his wants to feed.

I till this land that elſe would barren be,
Beare all his carriage, and am ſeldome free
From ſome imploiment, but muſt neere him ſtand
As being fit, and apt for his command.
If he to viſit friends abroad doth fare,
I muſt along with him, true friends we are.
If he intends to hunt ſuch beaſts as you,
For ſport, or hate, or need, he lets me know
The time, the place, the end, and we agree,
I ſee the ſport, and hunt as well as he.
How often haue I ſeene ſome fearefull Hart,
Perhaps your ſire, at my dread preſence ſtart;
Fly hence with vtmoſt ſpeed, and neuer ſlacke
His willing pace, when I vpon my backe
Bearing my noble maſter haue at length
O'retane the lubber, hauing loſt his ſtrength?
VVhilſt I ſtill foming courage, breathing ſprite,
Haue ſought another conqueſt long ere night;
And after that a third, vnwearied yet,
Yet you your ſelfe as Paralell will ſet
To match and ouermatch my worth, my force;
As if weake Stags might braue the peereleſſe Horſe.
For phyſicall receipts eaſily yeeld,
Aliue I profit man, you being kild,
This makes him ſeeke your death, my life to ſaue,
Yet being dead my parts their vertues haue.
VVhich I refer to others to relate,
As ſcorning Hog-like to doe good ſo late.
This only I conclude, If man ſhould chooſe
To ſaue but one, hee'd both of you refuſe.
Fol. 54. The armed Bull ſweld, puft and roard alowd,
To heare the Hart ſo bold, the Horſe ſo proud.

And

And all the while they ſpake, he toſt about
With hornes and hooſes the duſt; then bellowd out
This bolder braue; What ignorance is this,
That cauſeth both of you, ſo much amiſſe
To boaſt your falſe worths, and neglect the true,
Which reſts in me, belongs to none of you?
The Wolfe, the Greyhound, and each queſting cur,
Makes thee poore trembling Hart keepe ſuch a ſtir,
To ſhift thy layer, as if thy life were loſt,
With euery faint blaſt, that the leaues downe toſt.
And this couragious Horſe, that makes a quoile,
Of wounds in war, and tilling of the ſoyle,
With many other vſes fit for man,
(As they that leaſt can doe, beſt cauill can)
Let this his anſwer be, the ſpur and bit
Shewes man truſts not his courage, nor his wit.
For if he tyre or faint, his ſpur prouokes,
And prickes him forward, with continuall ſtrokes.
And if with head-ſtrong heat, he madly rides,
The bridle curbes him, and his folly guides.
" All voluntary acts the actors praiſe,
" Not ſuch as others by conſtraint doe raiſe.
" Out of our natures, whilſt we eaſily are
" Made inſtruments either of peace, or war.
Elſe might our horned Heards, the reſcue boaſt
Of *Hannibal*, and his diſtreſſed hoaſt,
When he with lights and torches tyde to vs,
Eſcapt the trap, of lingring *Fabius*.
But truth is far from ſuch oſtents, thoſe deeds
We call our owne, which from our choice proceeds.
The yoke we beare, and wherewithall we till
The earth for man, is by conſtraint, not will.

Plutar. in vita Han.

Cunctando reſtituit rem Ennius

What comfort from our flesh, or from our Cowes,
By calues, or milke, or Cheese or Butter flowes,
Or physicall receipts, as they are more,
And vsefuller, then what you both before
Haue mentioned, so freely I confesse
Man hath in them the glory more or lesse.
His wit and industry, in them is seene,
And th' Authors goodnesse from whom first we been,
War is the good you glory in, which springs
From mans ambitious ignorance, and brings
Wants, woe, and death, with many ills beside,
To scourge vs all, through out great masters pride.
Then at the best, you are but slaues to such,
As feeding you, foode to their like doe grutch. (take,
And through your force, their owne reuengements
Whilst you to stout men; cowards equall make.
For what from you they borrow, they must grant
They feare their foes enioy, whilst they doe want.
Thus therefore all the nobler nations vse
To fight on foot, whilst coward rather choose
To share with beasts in glory, and to get
Themselues a name, through your foole hardy heat.
So you on them, and they on you depend,
Such seruice iudgement neuer did commend.
And thus in sportiue war, and warlike sport,
You doe your rider from himselfe transport.
Whilst you not man-like grow, but beast-like he
Resembles you, in all these sports we see.
Yea often to mischance you doe betray
Your heedlesse rider, and in midst of play
Precipitate his soddaine fortune so,
That who hath you a faiend, shall need no foe;

But

But may himſelfe, a happy man proclaime,
If by your meanes he ſcapes without a maime.
But now if either of you, thinke you can,
Out of your owne worthes, proue more fit for man,
And better able to defend, and guard,
Him whom we ſerue, from whom we haue reward,
Then I can with my hornes, and harnaſt hide,
Proceed to triall, I defie your pride;
And with bold challenge ſummon you to fight,
A triple combat, to decide the right.
They both with eager appetite accept
Theſe wiſht conditions, and by this haue ſtept
For from each other; all prepard doe ſtand
At full carere, to ioyne this treble band.
The field triangle wiſe they euenly caſt,
And each with rage expects, that dreadly blaſt,
Which warnes them charge. Each roreth out his wrath,
Nor other need of drums or trumpets hath.
The Hart doth bray, the bounding Steed doth neigh,
The Bull doth bellow, deepe, and lowde and high.
The earth doth tremble, and the ayre doth ſhun,
This dreadfull thunder; as when laden gun
Spits forth its load, in ſcorne to be reſtraind,
The ayre giues way vnto the bullets chaind,
As dreading to reſiſt ſo mighty force,
Thus meet the valiant Bull, the Hart and Horſe.
The Hart and Horſe firſt touch tha'ppointed place
Being more ſwift, and apter for the race.
And let each other, with much danger feele
The force of horned head, and armed heele.
But ere a ſecond bout they can performe,
In comes the boyſtrous Bull, like winters ſtorme,

And

And ſeuers them with ſuch a violent puſh,
That they amazde, turne giddy with the ruſh.
But (nimble both and actiue they repay
The ſturdie Bull, with all the ſpeed they may.
The Hart with his broadhornes, doth make him reele
But the kinde Horſe, vpholds him with his heele.
The Bull thanks neither, for the one did pearce
His hollow flanke, the other much more fearce,
Did breake a rib, and bruiſe his ſhoulder blade,
And taught him with leſſe choller to inuade.
Yet th'ods is ſoone recouer'd with his horne,
Which hath the belly of the *Courſer* torne.
And rent one weaker beame, from branched Hart,
As trees by thunder riuen, or clouen athwart.
The ſubtle Hart, then ſhuns thoſe ruder blowes,
And tho'ds of handiſtrokes too dearely knowes.
The Horſe taught by his wounds, doth keepe aloofe,
And ſtands vpon defence, with hardned hoofe.
The Bull aſſaults them both with watchfull eye,
And ſeeks how he aduantages may ſpie.
The Horſe and Hart vpon their guard do ſtand,
In doubt and iealouſie, on either hand.
The Bull aſſaults the Hart, but he giues way,
And ſlips his furie with what ſlight he may.
Yet turnes not head, as fearefull cowards will,
But wefes aſide, to tyre his foe with skill.
The Bull then ſtrikes the Horſe a deadly cuff,
But he requites him with a counterbuff.
The Hart ſtrikes in betwixt, the Bull turnes rownd,
The Horſe leaps right vp, doth coruet, and bownd;
So at one inſtant, fatally they meete;
The Bull his death meets from the Horſes feet.

The

The Hart th'aduantage takes, the Horſe aloft
Strikes his one horne into his belly ſoft,
Which there hangs faſt; the Horſe doth with his fall.
Breakes the Harts necke, this is the end of all
None hath the conqueſt, all of them are ſlaine.
Their deaths not doubted, long they there remaine,
Till that the King their Maſter, hauing neede
Of their attendance, goes his guard to feed,
For none might tend them elſe, leaſt they acquainted
With others bribes, by treaſon ſhould be tainted.
So enters he the place, and there he ſpies
What doth affright him, all his comfort lies
Dead at his feet, then ſadly going neere
Their carrion corpes, he doth a murmur heare,
As armed ſouldiers in a Citie ſound,
Or fire in th'ayre, or wind within the ground.
And doubting the ſucceſſe, three ſeuerall ſwarmes
He ſees prepar'd for fight, and vp in armes.
Bees from the Bull, Waſpes from the Horſe do ſtart,
And Hornets from the melancholly Hart.
He motions peace, and hopes to part the fray,
They ſend three ſouldiers, who ſends him away.
For each of them doth fix his venomd ſting,
Within the fleſh of the amazed King.
He flies with ſpeed from thence, they fight it out;
The conqueſt all expect, all feare and doubt.
But what befell I know not; this I know,
The King cride out aloud. The euils that grow Epimithiũ.
From pride, ambition, and exceſſe of grace,
" Like thankleſſe curs, flie in their maſters face.
" Beaſts will be beaſts, doe bounty what it can,
" Tis caſt away, thats giuen to worthleſſe man.

O Princes baniſh faction from the Court,
It ſowres all actions, leauens euery ſport.
And at the laſt, when it ſhould ſweetly cloſe,
From one falſe friend riſeth a thouſand foes.

FINIS.

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